

I first met Tambi in 1971 in the village. A very dear friend of mine said, "You got to meet Tambi." Tambi was sitting on a curb in a Greenwich Village street, a man with dark skin, a mane of long white hair, a distinctive nose. He had these beautiful hands with long, dark fingers. He could have been a bum, sitting there in the curb, but I knew he wasn't. I knew he was a special person. He had an air about him.

He invited me and my friends to his flat, a basement flat where he cooked for us what he called his "curry in a hurry." He cackled as he stirred the curry in a portable electric skillet on the floor in the middle of the studio.

Tambi turned out to be a uniquely interesting person whom I learned to love, serve, and admire with all his faults and shortcomings, through all sorts of bizarre situations and wild adventures. He was a package deal.

Things I remember about him: his telephone book which was a who's who of poets, writers, artists, rich people, and assorted persons. He was always on the phone, calling everyone in the world and if it were your phone he was using- he'd rack up a mighty phone bill. Sometimes he would make you place the call for him, when he was indisposed for one reason or another, usually because he was strung out. "Why don't you give the Queen of England a jingle, won't you?" he would say with that English accent. "Tell her Tambi's calling!"

One time we misplaced his book and it was a Federal case with calls going out to the media to alert them, promising a big reward.

To me, Tambi was the personification of Shiva. He never let you get hung up on anything, although sometimes he would get hung up on the things that he was hung up on. his phone book, his drinking, his obsession with rich and famous people, etc.

Through Tambi I met the most authentic human beings: Rammurti Mishra, Tim Leary, Ray Bennett, I forget his name now but we called him Turtle the Turtle who lived on 5th Ave and was a dear friend of Tambi's. All kinds of people, both famous and obscure. Tambi had a keen eye for the genuine. He was the scourge of the charlatans.

He contributed immensely to my spiritual journey. He was my teacher- he taught me that ultimately, the most profound thing in the world is the rock you sit on.

My daughter was born on the same day as Tambi and we named her Tambi even though she was a girl, in honor of Big Tambi as we started to call him. Tambi was family. We accepted Tambi for who he was, with all his failings and his hubris.

Toward the end of our time with him, he was getting more and more difficult to care for. Tambi eventually went back to London to make another go of his publishing venture. When I heard about his passing, I was very sad.

He often talked to us about his lovely daughter.

With love,

Watsan

Watsan faigao
rocky mountain t'ai-chi
2804 16th street
Boulder, CO 80354

~~www.cad.net/~bfai~~gao
303-447-2556

"we call this art t'ai-chi
because it causes the opposing force
to dissolve into emptiness"

1770 Franch Av.,
Santa Clara
California 95051
Sept. 13 '80

My dear Shokuntala,

Your daddy, ~~is~~ who
is my uncle, wrote to me almost
four years ago requesting me to
write to you. I completely forgot
about it until I came across the
letter recently. I am enclosing a
xeroxed copy of the letter. My father
and your father were brothers. My
father passed away on the sixteenth
of June '79. He would have been
60 years old in Oct. of '79. He was
your father's younger brother. My
father's name was Augustine. My
name is Aquinas Varatharajan.
My friends here call me Aquinas
even though my family members
call ~~me~~ me Varathan, which
is a shortened form of my
~~second~~ ^{middle} name.

I arrived in the U.S.

in Sept. '74. I² attended the
university of San Francisco
where I graduated with a B.A.
in English Literature in May
'79. At present I am in
the M.A. in English Lit.
program at the University of
Santa Clara, which is about
40 miles away from San
Francisco.

I am mailing this letter
hoping that your address is still
the same. I would certainly be
pleased to hear from you. Please
do write. The 'phone number of
the studio apt. in which I live
is 408-248-2592. Santa Clara
time is the same as San Francisco
time.

Yours Affectionately
Varethan.



THE SEAHORSE PRESS

14 Cornwall Gardens, London SW7 9AN.

Tel: 01-584 2491

24 Nov 16

My dear friend,

I have just got a post from you, but
have not had time to answer it.

I am sorry to hear you are writing you
are ill. I hope you will get better
soon. I am sure you will. I am
glad to hear you are at least
getting on your feet.

I am sorry to hear you are back
in the hospital. I hope you will
get better soon. I am sure you will.

I am sorry to hear you are back
in the hospital. I hope you will
get better soon. I am sure you will.

I am sorry to hear you are back
in the hospital. I hope you will
get better soon. I am sure you will.
I am sorry to hear you are back
in the hospital. I hope you will
get better soon. I am sure you will.
I am sorry to hear you are back
in the hospital. I hope you will
get better soon. I am sure you will.

I am sorry to hear you are back
in the hospital. I hope you will
get better soon. I am sure you will.

Love,

Theresa

11 The Drive Mansions,
Fulham Road, London SW6 5JB.
Tel: 01-731 4256.

23rd November, 1989.

Dear Shakuntala,

I am writing in the hope that you remember me.

I was a friend of Tambi's and we met several times in London at the Harrington pub and elsewhere.

I also contributed to the marvellous book in memory of your father which, as you know, has just been published. There was a suitable launch for it the other day at India House where all sorts of old faces renewed their acquaintances. Jane Williams must have been very proud and I know the amount of time and effort she put into its production. It was Jane who has given me your address, by the way.

Anyway, I hope you're well and thriving and enjoying whatever you are doing at the moment.

I thought you'd like to know that I'm coming to New York next year to perform my one-man-show as Dylan Thomas which has been directed by Anthony Hopkins. I open at the Hudson Guild Theatre, W 26th St., on February the 20th - 40 years to the day when Dylan first set foot on American soil.

I'm really looking forward to it and it would be great to have the chance of meeting you again after all this time.

Meanwhile, best wishes and perhaps you could drop me a line to say that you have received this letter.

Yours,

Bob Kingdom

12 Henwell House,
St Ann's Road,
Levalde N15 6NP
13/7/89

My dearest Steubertale,

I am enclosing the tape of
Sach's poems. I started recording in
the 22/6 & it took me three separate
sessions to get all the poems in.
Even so, I have only been able to
get a part of the copy of the text
on to tape but I think I have
stopped at an appropriate point.

Even it is only a portable
recorder you will find the quality
even & the interruptions seem
to affect the quality of my

voice & face too. When as there is
only a memory to for your personal
memorabilia of Dad, I hope it
will make you happy & keep his
memory alive & fresh all your
life. It is this you must always
cling to - your heritage. Never
forget who you are & always
walk with your head held high.

I get very tired very easily
& I miss the few days you spent
here for I was truly happy.

The little flower you gave
me is my mascot for it is
only later that it struck me that
one of the littlest & quietest
saints of the church was known
as the Little Flower - St Therese

of Lixieux. It is in our daily
lives in the little things we do
each other, say to each other, that
we show our love for each other.

Keep smiling & remember that although
your Dutch is no more, ~~he~~ he is
now closer to you than ever.

I have written two letters to Barbara
regarding the room. He has been
to Alchely & back to arrange
the memorial. I will be helping
her today to confirm that it is
ok for me to post the room
on to him.

Do write whenever you are able
to for letters are about all I
can ~~let~~ look forward to for now
on for my family.
All my love & God bless you
& thank you for all your love & brother.

phone
0323 27817

21 ARLINGTON ROAD
EASTBOURNE
EAST SUSSEX BN21 1DJ

Dear Shankuntala,

I promised to send you something of Tambi.
Here is a first offering, which will
give you pleasure this time. Others will
follow, but be patient! Photo is
particular will take time (months) since
I must find the negatives and print
them myself. Printing is a lengthy
business since the bathroom doubles as
my darkroom, which means setting up
an enlarger plus all the bits and pieces
on each occasion, and cleaning it all
away in the evening.

Have you anything at all of Tambi's?
Please let me know in order to avoid
duplication.

Quite apart from his importance to
poetry and publishing, he was an
outstanding man - sensitive and warm
with a great sense of fun as you
will find out from a cassette which.

I hope to send you before long. His
friendship made a great difference to
my life as it did to the lives of others.
You are a lucky girl to have had
him as a father.

You will receive one of his works some day
him bequeathed them to you, as I
understand it. Make sure you get
everything due to you, and look after
it. Some day you will perhaps want
to give it all to some institution
(university or museum?) which will care
for it and make it available to
students and researchers. Patricia may
have some useful ideas about this.
She has just spent a couple of nights
with us, which brought back all sorts
of New York memories.

Come to us when you are in England

Love from

Claude

and Henrietta sent her.

From: MIEVILLE
21 ARLINGTON RD
EASTBOURNE
E. SUSSEX BN21 1DJ
ENGLAND

Jack Barker

HILLSIDE COTTAGE, STOKE-BY-NAYLAND.

COLCHESTER, CO6 4QD.

Shakuntala, My Beautiful, Little Angel, ^{28th July 1986}

I do hope you are blossoming. Whenever are you coming to England. It would be sublime to see you. I enclose a money order for \$24.00 for the sale of 6 Poetry Londons at the Galaxy Bookshop in Madleigh,

You'll note the date on which I bought the money order, June 6th, (not the 4th March). The reason for my delay is that I've had a very tiresome time both in and out of Bali (Indonesia). In (actually near) the Artists' Village of Ubud, where every man is artist, sculptor, musician or dancer, I was offered free land and a life akin to paradise. I bought a wee bungalow and a mimbus. Out of gratitude and to repay the hospitality of my adopted country, I since Ubud was enjoying a mini-rennaissance of the arts, I decided to organise the first ever festival of traditional and contemporary, Balinese arts to be held in London (at the October Gallery. I sent Chili over to Bali to liaise), and I arranged the first ever package holiday for civilised tourists to Ubud. Unfortunately I had no idea, since I'd never even heard of the man, that a Nazi vice lord and pornographer, who had escaped into Switzerland after the war, from Germany and assumed French Swiss identity in the name of André Ruedin, wanted to run a boy brothel with vicious undertones in the administrative headquarters for our two projects. Well obviously one could'nt install civilised tourists in a brothel. Ruedin is a powerful and dangerous man who could corrupt the Pope. During his annual visits to Bali over 5 years, he exerted his insidious influence to instil an evil demon into my Balinese partner, Oka, so that he became a Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. It was a Christian demon though, so that Oka was snattered by the conflict waging inside him, and we had twice to rush him to the doctor. As Tambi (your father), who reverted to the religion of his ancestors, said, "the Hindus can not understand or cope with Christian evil. They both can and have been destroyed by it." Unfortunately, Ruedin arrived in Bali on the eve of our sending over the first batch of civilised tourists. Suddenly our principals in Bali became incommunicado and I had to cancel (or rather postpone) our two projects. Now Oka has inflicted me with a self-destructive curse (so that I will destroy him in return. "Kill me! Kill me!", he beseeched me!). This has resulted in a terrible, mental block, so that I am totally immersed in the preparatory work that is necessary for my return to Bali; but I am taking months to complete it. It also explains my delay in writing you. (Oka incidentally has a handsome wife and 4 children).

I really was an innocent victim. I was having dinner in the Palace of Ubud, minding my own business, en route to Sri Lanka with an introduction to the President as intermediary for your father's Sri Lankan Arts Council which the President's nephew, Lakshman Corea, was building; and to find out if Tambi and I might be granted grace-and-favour accommodation we would share in return for running the Council, or else be given cheap land on which to build a house. Suddenly, Oka came up to me, introduced himself and whirled me off to what has so far proved my doom; but I shall turn the tables

The way in which Jane has dedicated her life to Tambi's heritage, mandate and memory is splendid. The business of the archives, the Festschrift and the Indian Arts Council have involved her per se in three major projects. Having to hold down a full time job (particularly when she was a temp, she is now working for

Metuen, the Publishers⁰, is a drain on her energies. So she can only work on the Tambi projects in her spare time. Whilst she is the first to belabour herself as an incorrigible time waster, it is hard for her to summon up the extra effort and concentration needed. So, if the period of time she has taken seems unduly protracted, it is actually remarkable how much she has successfully achieved. In addition^{to} this, there has been the additional strain on her nervous system from having to combat ruthless and ambitious people who have wanted to assume Tambi's mantle. I thought Mrs Kay Bennett the most charming woman; but one must recognise that she, for all their ^{joint} achievement, was a destructive influence on Tambi's life. She was responsible for Tambi's mental breakdown in, as I recall, 1958. (I was on the spot when it happened). After their second association with the Lyrebird Press had foundered, Tambi was deeply embittered and profoundly hurt. This was why he wrote a new will, making you his heir and Jane his literary executor. Because Tambi spent the last 3 or 4 years of his life at the October Gallery, the people there wanted to be the custodians of his whole life, enshrine him there and take over the Indian Arts Council. (I can understand this, without approving). I have just had poor Sivasambu, who regarded Tambi as his guru, to stay. Out of envy and frustration (partly because Jane is a woman), he became so obstructive at the Indian Arts Council, which in turn gave him migraine as his frustration became obsessive, that he has resigned to save his sanity. A prophet has no honour in his own country. (Apart from your Uncle Joe who would have sacrificed his life for Tambi), it must have been difficult for your family to realise that their colourful, if alcoholic bohemian James was probably the greatest entrepreneur of literature and art in this century. Now, don't get me wrong, I think that your family are absolutely delightful. They entertained me magnificently and lavishly in Ceylon, and I think they are wonderful characters. None of them though felt it their business to support or help Tambi in any way. I spent the most charming evening with your cousin, Albert Page, perhaps the richest man in Sri Lanka (owning all those hotels and cinemas), ~~dead pan-like~~ Buster Keaton, but so amusing. But, when I asked him if he would consider sponsoring Poetry London (like me buying a postage stamp), he fled leaving me with his wife and a piano for Uncle Joe to play on. To me though the younger generation seemed worst, as there seemed no rapport with Tambi or interest in his work. I don't blame your family for this; but I was somewhat taken aback to learn^{that} (I may have got the names wrong) Raki, the accountant, wed to Ravi, the lawyer and daughter of your Uncle Paulinus, having been voted on to the Committee of the Indian Arts Council (a great mistake to elect your accountant), threatened to slant the accounts and present an adverse report to the Charity Commissioners which could cost the Council its grant, unless he now assumes the leadership of the Indian Arts Council and dictates their policy. My impression is that Raki (if that is his name) is a business man who is scarcely steeped in Indian culture, and that all this must be making Tambi very disturbed. I myself have this obsession about returning to Bali, and this has snatched me to Stoke-by-Nayland, so that I am out of touch with London. The last I heard a few weeks ago was that Walraj, the brilliant author of 'Nation of Fools' and gaining recognition as one of the outstanding artists in Britain has resigned the Chairmanship of the Indian Arts Council (temporarily I trust). Jane was fighting tooth and nail for the preservation of the Council, but had to take a breather, so went back to working on the Festschrift.

Must fly now to the post.

Wild Love

Jack

EVILL & COLEMAN

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WHEN REPLYING PLEASE
QUOTE THIS REFERENCE

PLEASE ASK FOR

YOUR REF.

JF.MT.TAMBIMUTTU

Mr Fairclough

12th August 1985

Miss S Tambimuttu,
111 South Street,
Northampton, MA 01060
USA

Dear Shakuntala,

Apologies for the delay in replying to your letter of the 8th of June. There is no need for you to pay the debt which is due from the Company. If necessary I see no reason why the Company should not be wound up. I enclose a copy of the letter I received from Jane Williams dated the 6th of August so I hope some progress will be made shortly with regard to your Late Father's Estate.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Crispin Fairclough
A. J. N. LEE

40 Priory Road
London N8 7EX

21st April, 1989

Dear Shakuntala

This is just to confirm, in case I haven't spoken to you on the phone, that I have spoken to my solicitor and he has informed me that while the estate is in the course of administration I should not hand over anything to you, and therefore you must be prepared for the fact that I will not be handing over anything to you on this visit, and that includes paintings, many of which could be considered part of the archives. Your behaviour towards me in the last month or so has been absolutely appalling and your father would be ashamed of you. There is absolutely no justification whatsoever for your disgusting, undignified venomous outpourings, which have led me to wonder whether you are slightly unbalanced at the moment, from what you say about Gestalt Therapy, Indian'sweats' etc! Are you taking drugs?

I am very angry and deeply hurt at your accusations. I have my health to think of, and you cannot expect to come over here at three days notice and see me and expect to get what you want, particularly when I am extremely busy and under great pressure, about to bring into completion a wonderful tribute to your father on which I have worked six years. Something which you yourself will benefit from most, as everything I am doing as his Literary Executor. You have no business harrassing me at such a time, and I won't put up with it. You certainly have gone the wrong way about communicating with me, and we will have to be very formal in future, that is the only way.

I expect an apology in writing for your shameful behaviour, and I refuse to see you until I get this. Even then, all I could offer you would be one formal meeting over lunch at this particular time.

Yours sincerely

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Jane', with a long horizontal stroke extending from the bottom of the signature.

40 Priory Road
London N8 7EX

26th April, 1989

Dearest Shakuntala

Herewith two of Tambi's short stories that you don't have. UNCLE GAMINI AND THE BRITISH was original called UNCLE SIVAM I think. The other one is the piece that is going in the book. It will make good reading for you on the plane, and I am sending these to you trustingly, of course.

Will you please send me, as soon as you can after you get back, CATCHING AN ELEPHANT, which I don't have.

Our last evening together in the 'Penang' meant a lot to me, as I know it did to you, and I am sure our relationship is going to grow and mature as we both go on learning within ourselves, and through Tambi's love which is with us always.

I shall be thinking of you, especially when you do your fast.

*All my love,
Jane.*

P.S.: You will be amused by Tambi's verse to Claude written at the top of UNCLE GAMINI. He was always so clever at that and I think it's very funny.

20 Mornington Avenue

LONDON W.14

16 December 1983

Dear Shaku

How are you and how is life treating you? I am sorry that my monthly letter has turned into about three months, but I really have been snowed under with things to do! I have to get the negatives of the Hindu memorial tribute to Tambi and promise I will send the photographs to you with the tape, which still has to have the gaps edited out and a short introduction by me edited in, but there simply has not been time for me to arrange a session with a sound man to do it. However, the tape is of good quality and so it is worth waiting to put these finishing touches to it.

I had an hour long telephone conversation with Kay. She telephoned me at work and luckily I was able to go into my boss's office as he was away and talk to her! Thank you so much for your kind words to her about me. She seemed to be very supportive of me. I promised to keep in touch with her, which is only fair, but under Tambi's second Will all important matters concerning the estate (including copyright matters and an ^{channelled} authorised biography of Tambi) are first and foremost your concern, through myself as Tambi's Literary Executor. However, I am sure Kay will be able to give you valuable guidance.

You will be pleased to know that the Royal Literary Fund paid the bill for Tambi's funeral, much to my great relief and even more to Paulinus's, so there's no need to sell a painting!

Tambi's things are still in storage, but there is a glimmer of hope with University of London King's College, who say that they will see if they can find a room in which I can store and work on Tambi's papers. I have also had the offer of the basement of a chemist shop through a friend. The chap who owns the shop is a gentle sort of person and not the slightest bit interested in literary matters, which I think is an advantage! I went along to see the place and I must say I got good vibrations from it and intuitively I felt good about it. It has a carpet on the floor, is cosy, has an electric point and even a photocopier! However, I made no commitments about it and said that I would let him know and that I would have to consult with you. Obviously, the basement of a chemist shop is not the ideal place for the Tambimuttu estate, and I am going to sound out University College and University of London Senate House (U. of L.'s headquarters) as well, but I think this offer is worth bearing in mind after Christmas if even only as a temporary measure. The owner of the chemist shop would charge me £30 a month.

I am enclosing a copy of the letter inviting people to contribute to a Festschrift for Tambi. I do hope you like it. Robin and I felt it was urgent to get the first batch of invitations out to forestall any other attempts at such a book. I have received so far 26 promises of contributions from the first one third of invitations, including Felix Topolski, the well known artist, the Pipers and Iris Murdoch the famous novelist.

We had a very successful Committee meeting of the Indian Arts Council yesterday and plans are coming along very well. We have drafted a Constitution for presentation for approval to the Charity Commissioners, and we are writing to Gautam Sharma to let him know what we are doing and establish a proper liaison with the New Delhi office. We have a very good Chairman in Balraj Khanna, a very successful artist whose work has been reviewed by Keshav Malik. He is a sincere, upright and warm person and I had a long chat with him about Tambi before he became Chairman. I wanted to make sure he had Tambi's vision of the IAC at heart. At first I was chairing meetings, but I realised I could not do that indefinitely and we had to have a chairman of the appropriate standing and experience, and Balraj has both those qualities. I am the Secretary of the IAC, which is what Tambi pleaded with me to be. We would very much like to produce a memorial Indian No. of PL which was Tambi's main reason for going to India and we would need your copyright permission for this. I have told the Committee that your permission would depend upon the Indian no. of PL being produced in the same style and quality of production as Tambi's PL/Apple Nos. 1 and 2, that there be a board of editors/advisers of appropriate literary standing in India and the UK, and that I as Tambi's Literary Executor must maintain an oversight of the project throughout. It would be a marvellous way of launching the IAC. It will take a long time to plan because we would have to be sure that the collection was representative of the many provinces and languages of India, but we are forming contacts for the IAC very fast. I do hope we will have your blessing on this and I would be very grateful if you could let me know as soon as you can so that I can report this back to the Committee, which next meets about Friday, 27 January. You will be pleased to know that the present High Commissioner of India, Yehudi Menuhin and Lord Harewood have all agreed to continue to be Patrons, and the High Commissioner said to me when I went to see him "My commitment is even greater since Tambimuttu's passing." I had shown him Francis Scarfe's Elegy which of course he was very moved by. My meeting with him was quite a memorable experience as you can imagine! I wonder whether you could give me the names of anyone in India that you think would be most helpful for an Indian No. of PL? I am sure you could help us very much here.

for them The October Gallery people want to have a permanent exhibition of Poetry London. This is a sensitive issue as Tambi was planning it with them and I have papers referring to it which they gave me and I will forward to you. I know that they would do it with great love and care, but one misgiving I have about it is that the exhibition would not be as accessible to the public as I would like to see and appreciate it. Chili said viewing would be by appointment, but I am sure times would be very restricted and accessibility is an important factor, as would be security also. It is true that one thing Tambi dearly wished for was a permanent exhibition of Poetry London, and of course for his sake this must be done, but I told Chili that I must keep open possibilities of a PL exhibition elsewhere either temporary or permanent. An exhibition of the books could quite easily be set up as Alan Smith has most of the PL books, but although there are a large assortment of paintings, sketches and drawings in the estate, there are not many pieces of original artwork connected with PL as Tambi sold most of it through the years, which I explained to Chili when she said that they wished for the exhibition to consist of more than just the books. There is of course Tambi's large scrapbook which I have not yet had the chance to go through. We could of course start an exhibition

there on the understanding that it may be moved, but of course if we did decide to move it permanently it would upset them very much. However, we must be quite objective about ^{this} and think only of the very best way of fulfilling Tambi's wish of a permanent exhibition of PL. We must be in touch immediately after Christmas about this as Chili will expect me to talk with her about it again fairly soon as I told her that I was consulting you. Honey seemed quite reasonable about it much to my surprise but Chili can be a bit of a bully as I know you are aware. I think perhaps we might delay a decision on it until a Trust is set up, which would play for time while we thought about it. I have also asked them to account for the money from the sale of the Sutherlands. I found out from Sotheby's that they were sold for £5,000. Could you please let me know if you can remember where the expenses for the India trip came from, including air fares and the trip to Nepal. I know Safia paid for some of it and it would ^{be} very helpful for me to know in sorting this matter out with them, which I think must be cleared up as it has been a shadow over them.

Another thing we must decide upon is an authorised biography of Tambi. I thought this could wait awhile but there are rumours that a certain publisher is commissioning someone to write a book about Tambi. I phoned the lady concerned and couldn't get past her secretary, who implied that there were no definite plans, but it sounded a bit fishy to me so I informed the secretary that as Tambi's literary executor I would be commissioning someone to write an authorised biography of Tambi fairly soon. I think the sooner someone is chosen for this the better as it will forestall this kind of problem. There is one good candidate I know of called Geoffrey Elborn, who has written several biographies including a very good one of Edith Sitwell, which Tambi was very impressed with and Tambi had apparently talked to Geoffrey about dictating his memoirs to him. I shall write to you more about this after Christmas and am consulting Kathleen Raine about it.

Lastly, dear Shaku, I have fixed a date for a memorial concert for Tambi for 17th March (St Patrick's Day). The programme will consist of the first half Bharata Natyam, the second half a demonstration of the Kandyan drum by Rohan de Sarem (Miriam de Sarem's son) and Kandyan dancing by Vipuli and her group. She is very well known and has given spectacular concerts at the Commonwealth Institute. In between the two halves of the programme we are planning to have some of Tambi's songs, probably sung by Paulinus and Chrys and possible one or two songs by Susha, the Persian singer of whom Tambi was very fond. It is going to be held at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan where the memorial tribute was held. It would be a great blessing on the occasion if you were able to come over for this.

Well, that's all my news for now, dear Shaku. Please write as soon as you can and let me know how you feel about all these things, especially about an Indian No. of PL, the exhibition, and a biography of Tambi.

With all my love to you for a very happy Christmas, and love to Esther, Fred and your brother.

Jane

PS: I am enclosing some of your letters that ^{you} brought back from India as I thought you would like to

to have them. I am also posting ^{air} ~~se~~mail today
separately a photocopy of your family history, and
this time I really am posting it. Please forgive the
delay.

Much love,

Jane.

Back from the office
I am enclosing some
of the family history
which I have been
working on for some
time. I hope you will
find it interesting.
I am also posting
some of the family
history which I have
been working on for
some time. I hope
you will find it
interesting.

20 Mornington Avenue
London W.14

25 July 1984

Dear Shakuntala,

I am very sorry about the delay in sending you this letter. The last month or so has been very intense for me in many ways and I have been under a lot of pressure as Secretary of the Indian Arts Council, the Festschrift and in personal ways too, whilst at the same time wanting to write you a long and interesting letter. I did send you a telegram to try to put your mind at ease, but I think it must have crossed with your second letter to me. This letter has in fact been in draft for a week now. I realise though there is no excuse for not writing back to you straight away, and I wish I had done that instead of delaying by perhaps thinking too much!

First of all, Shakuntala, I want to say that as far as the money for the storage of Tambi's archives are concerned, you really need not worry. It is only £35 a month which I can afford, and you can reimburse me some time in the future.

Secondly, I want you to know that I really do understand how you must feel two thousand miles away from the archives which your father left you, and how frustrating it must be and how isolated from it all you must feel. I think it is very tough for you.

Of course, the archives are yours to do with what you wish. However, I think that you should think carefully whether it really would be in your own interests to move them to Northampton, Massachusetts at this stage.

Firstly, Tambi did appoint me in 1979 to do a job of work which it will take time for me to do. This is a formal role which is why I am to be granted Letters of Administration, which I must emphasise is only a legality to establish me in my role as Tambi's Literary Executor, for which I must have access to the archives, but obviously in leaving his archives to you his only daughter, Tambi wished us to work together on this, which is very much what I want to do, and indeed as owner of the archives I can't do much without you. However, it would be impossible for me to do my job and for us to work together if you move everything and stash it away in Northampton at this stage, and the chance for so many exciting possibilities for us to discuss will be gone forever, and that would be very sad, and letting Tambi down, and I think you might bitterly regret it. You are two thousand miles away from the scene of Tambi's life and work and the literary London which he loved, and I am on the spot and he trusted me and I am very familiar with his life and work and the literary world of which he was so much an important part. I think it would be very sad if you were to miss out on all the possibilities at this stage by any rash decision to move the archives at present, or to suffer bitter regrets when it is too late. Obviously, what eventually happens to the archives is up to you and they are yours to do with what you wish.

I think it is an excellent idea for you to come over here for an extended stay to give yourself the chance to consider all the exciting possibilities and take part in the ongoing influence of Tambi's wonderful life and work of which the archives are the evidence - besides, I need you here, and would be thrilled if we could work together, and we could have a very exciting time. I am so very busy and have not been able to spend much time cataloguing the archives. I need some help and there is no-one here I ^{would} trust to work with me on them and the only person I would want and trust to work with me is you. It would be a very enjoyable and exciting job. I know you would be good at it, judging by the notes you left me when you left England when the archives were at the October Gallery. We would have so much to discuss and then you could eventually decide what to do. If you come over in November we could discuss this too.

What I would like to do is build up a complete archive of Tambi's life and work, and two people have already donated precious things to the archives for this cause, in response to the Festschrift letter. Noel de Costa sent a valuable scrapbook of David Gascoyne's given to Tambi in the 1940's and Diana Gardner has given some original Poetry London's and some little cards and leaflets that Tambi had printed in the 1940's. Gradually, I think more exciting things will turn up and make the archives even more representative of Tambi's achievements.

Finally, I think if you were to move the archives now to your home, I am afraid you would be playing right into Kay's hands. I am sure she is panting in the wings waiting for you to do just that. Once you had them with you it would be very difficult for you to keep her at bay, and I am sure that gradually she would take everything out of your hands on the basis of "Let me do this for you." Once that started it would be impossible to stop and we would then have a situation of Tambi's first Will which he deliberately revoked, because she had been out of his life for at least twelve years and far removed from his thinking in those years. If she loved Tambi so much why can't she accept what he clearly stated were his wishes, instead of putting so much pressure on you and making demands and trying to bend your mind against me. All I want to do is for you and I to work together in the relationship of love and trust that we had established, and am very sorry that my delay in replying to you has undermined this. Taking too long to write certain letters is a fault of mine, I know, which I must put right, but I have your interests very much at heart whereas I don't think Kay really has, as you are already beginning to see more clearly judging from your first letter, and I am afraid a desire for power and control is very prominent in her attitude.

First of all, Shakuntala, I would like you to know that right from the start I never felt any animosity of any kind towards Kay, only love. It was I who telephoned her personally to tell her about Tambi's death, and then wrote her a long, open and friendly letter - too open, I now see, for reasons which I will explain. However, I was apprehensive and a little afraid of her because of the image in my mind formed through Tambi's talks with me about her. However, in view of what you wrote to me, I feel it is time for me to unfold to you everything that is in my mind about her because I think we ought to communicate with each other about everything that is going on in our minds so that we can

build on the trust we had already established, so please don't take this as an attempt to 'bend you mind against Kay' but merely because I want you to know everything that has gone on in my mind.

When you were both in London it became clear to me that Kay had a strategy which was to soften us both up with a flood of emotion and then when we were least prepared for it to slip in inappropriate suggestions in a situation which made it very difficult to be business like and detached with her. There is no point in going over the individual instances now, as we both remember them, except to say that if I had handed the Festschrift file to her that night it would I am sure have been very difficult to get it back from her I now realise, and her keenness to 'use' Laurie Slade, who is a barrister, (I am quite convinced it was not just friendship) was also significant. I was also very upset about the matter of Tambi's ashes, although I am grateful to have some in my room, which are sitting on my mantelpiece and a great comfort to me. She had no right to suggest I should not be told - it was in extremely bad taste - after all, I was far more than just a girlfriend to Tambi

- and it was I who arranged for payment of the Funeral Bill. Not that the money matters - I don't think that way - but it was a matter of principle.

As far as the present situation with Kay is concerned, the main cause of it of course is Kathleen's withdrawal as a Director of the new Press. Quite honestly, I think Kay's main reason for asking Kathleen, as well as the Pipers, was, apart from the fact that they are old friends of Tambi's and influential, was also to draw such people around herself with the Press and then put pressure on me to publish Tambi's writings and other things. I think she saw it as perhaps a means of gaining control - especially if she had been able to draw me into it. While she was here I thought the Press was a good idea and we must both remember that only 9 months after Tambi's death, it is easy to be emotional about such things. Kathleen agreed to be a Director for the same reason. However, after you both returned to America I realized that I must protect my independence from Kay in the role that Tambi gave me and that while I would not wish to obstruct Kay in her plans for the Press, I should have as little to do with it myself as possible, except perhaps to give her advice. Also I have, I must tell you, had very strong warnings about Kay through the medium I have told you about. You must not think for one moment, dear Shakuntala, that I am off-course going to see her occasionally. I am a very strong independent person spiritually, with a very strong sense of identity. Tambi knew this more than anyone - although at times it irritated him - he deeply respected it and trusted me implicitly as he knew I would not waver from my own sense of purpose and direction. My going to see this medium, who is quite independent from any organisation and a very good Christian oriented lady, is quite deliberate, at this very formative transitional period and it is one way in which Tambi can get very clear messages across to me. Anyway, I was told to have nothing whatsoever to do with the Press because pressure would be put on me if I did, but to "let Kay get on with it". Also I was warned I am afraid to keep her out of my life as much as possible. The medium said she saw scratches on my face and that someone would try to malign me to other people. Of course that could not only be Kay. My role is bound to foster jealousy among women in certain circles, and I am quite determined to keep them out of it as far as my work for Tambi is concerned, whilst remaining friendly with them. I was also told that Tambi wanted the Press to die with him.

One day I telephoned Kathleen merely to find out how she was and have a chat with her as she had been ill. She is over 70 and had been ill for some weeks, first with a virus, then penicillin poisoning and then blood pressure, and when I asked her how she was she said she was depressed. Then, quite suddenly, out of the blue, she asked me straight out what I thought about Kay's plans for the Press. Whatever Kay may say about Kathleen and past incidents, one of Kathleen's stirring qualities is her great integrity, for which she has a reputation. She has been like a godmother to me and I have great respect and gratitude to her. I hesitated, but could do nothing else but tell her exactly what was in my mind. Obviously she had been having doubts, and desperately wanted to come to a decision about it. A friend of Kathleen's told me that one thing she can't cope with are unresolved difficult decisions, especially of an ethical nature, and it could even have been one of the things that had been holding her down at her age in her mid-seventies. She trusts me and I trust her and how could I do anything but be honest with her. If one is asked a straight question one should always be perfectly honest of course, especially when it comes to those closest to you who are appealing for your honesty. Such is the essence of true relationships. Also of course, if Kathleen had become a Director of the new Press, it would have put a great strain on her as she is not only very busy, but she is in her mid-seventies and putting her in a position between Kay and me would have been quite wrong and very unfair on her, and me.

Of course I don't know what she said to Kay in New York. From Kathleen I gather it was quite a simple conversation. I know Kathleen can be very sharp and curt at times, which is one of her shortcomings - she is like that on the phone to me sometimes and really upsets me - but it is just her manner and I don't think she is aware of its effect on people. But at the same time she is scrupulously fair and certainly not anti-Kay, whatever Kay may have told you. She merely says what she thinks (sometimes perhaps too bluntly), but she is scrupulously honest, which is a great quality and in fact a sign of her integrity and steadfastness. When it comes to the important matters in life, Tambi knew exactly what he was doing with people, and he knew exactly what he was doing when he made Kathleen your godmother and you couldn't have a finer, strong spirit to turn to and you can trust Kathleen implicitly as she, like myself, has your best interests at heart.

Another thing that has probably upset Kay is that just before I was leaving my job, she telephoned me and asked for some addresses and asked me to get in touch with Ridley Burnett about moving the Lyrebird Press books, which I did straight away. However, the van had already left and Ridley said he had warned Kay of this. Kay had wanted me to count all the books that very weekend. I had handed in my notice at work and it was a very intense time for me. I am afraid Kay's phone calls to me have always had the effect of making me feel very pressured. When I picked up the phone and heard her voice say "Is that Jane Williams?", my heart used to sink, and the thought of counting all those books that very weekend on top of everything else I had to do with a full-time job was a nightmare. However, I would have done it if we were in time for the van - but she had been warned by Ridley about this and he sounded a bit irritated. I had phoned him immediately after speaking to Kay, even though my boss at work had been getting annoyed with me about all the personal phone calls I had. I feel bad that I did not write to Kay with the addresses she wanted

straight away and also to thank her for the extra money she sent me for the removal of the Lyrebird books, but there was no intention on my part of withholding any addresses from her, **it is simply** that time flew by so quickly. After I left my job in May I took a much needed holiday for a week, then Kathleen went to America (it is a shame you never managed to meet up with her) **and then** I heard from you that Kay had decided not to go on with the Press. However, Kay had no right to imply negative things about me as she obviously has done, or about Kathleen, just because she had not heard from me, or to imply that I am devious or unco-operative which I suppose is what she did. I had always hoped that a good relationship with Kay could be developed, but I really think that if it hadn't been for this some other issue would have brought things to a head, as you could sense when you were in London. I think what she really wants to do is to undermine and weaken the bond between you, me and Kathleen.

I really do believe that if Kay really and truly felt that it is what Tambi wishes for the Press to be revived, she would not have been put off by Kathleen's withdrawal. I would not have been. I have had to suffer disappointments in people over the last few months but it doesn't worry me because I believe in what I'm doing. If you associate people with you for the wrong reasons then no good can come out of it. I am having to learn slowly how to handle the people I am associated with, for instance with the Festschrift. It was a great test for me handling Robin when he first came up with the idea of the Festschrift for Tambi, and a great education for me which caused me much stress at the time but now we have a good relationship as trust in each other grows. Kathleen is not indispensable to the Press and neither she nor I would have put any obstruction in Kay's way. I just did not want to be connected with it for very good reasons.

All this is not to say that Kay does not have very fine qualities. I respect and admire her noble, regal air, and believe me, the last thing I would have wanted to do was to hurt her in any way. What would have been the point? However, I think she is a sort of schizophrenic personality, and has a streak of madness which you called "obsessiveness". Tambi himself told me about this, and although we both know Tambi was obviously very difficult at the time she left him, he told Jack Barker that he felt she had betrayed him over the Press. This was why in 1979 he made a second Will revoking the first and making me his Literary Executor and leaving his archives and library to you. I am sorry to have gone on so long about all this but I feel it best to unfold to you everything that is in my mind, as I have said.

One thing that I would very much like to do is to work out with you how best we can handle the archives so that will make as much money as possible for you. This aim, as well as honouring the work that Tamhi gave me, is very dear to my heart, because I think it is a karmic thing we can do for him. In his life Tambi was never able to give you the upbringing he would have wished, and so he has left you the most precious thing he could, so that you may receive joy and benefit from it, which is another ^{reason} why we need to think so carefully about it. Also, please don't worry about damp in the Clerkenwell Road place. I have run my fingers along all the skirting boards and scrutinised the place and there is not the slightest sign of it, and everything is perfectly safe until you decide what to do.

As far as letting Kay have manuscripts etc., of course she has the

right to have copies of anything connected with the Lyrebird Press only, and addresses she needs if she changes her mind about the Press. However, I would be very reluctant to see her get any copies of Tambi's writings at present, because I fear she would try to forge ahead with her own plans for them before I had the chance to put my own ideas to you about them, thereby superceding the way Tambi himself clearly showed he wished things to be handled.

As far as the paintings are concerned, I am enclosing the official Sotheby's valuation which I am sending to James Fairclough, as well as the complete list of sketches and paintings that I made initially and which I meant to give you when you were over here. You will see that out of the long list the only ones that Janet Green valued were the Chadwicks and the Pipers, at a total value of £2,400. However, such valuations are always kept deliberately low for tax purposes, and you can assume that they are probably worth twice as much. Also I have been assured that quite a few other paintings in the collection, e.g. the Topolski's, Julian Trevelyan, Gerald Wilde must be worth something, so probably you can assume that the total value might be well nearer £7,000. As far as Kay's claim about the paintings and Lyrebird, the Chadwicks Tambi had done for a limited edition of BY GRAND CENTRAL STATION which never came out, and perhaps some of the Topolski's for POEMS FROM BANGLADESH, and the Jean Helion. However, I would not raise this question unless she does and we will have to settle that issue if and when it arises.

On a lighter note, I met with Jim Burtle when he was over here and spent a very pleasant afternoon with him in the newly vamped Covent Garden. He said he could help me raise money from the States if we wanted him to, so please don't worry about money.

Finally, dear Shakuntala, I know this letter (tome!) will take some digesting. I have been absolutely straight with you about everything I feel. Please be assured that the last thing I would have wanted was to upset Kay. I have been completely honest with you about my conversation with Kathleen, and am hoping very much that you will understand and respect my honesty here. I will have to write Kay a very tactful letter soon and I will tell her exactly what I have told you about my conversation with Kathleen, although she probably won't believe me, but I think it wise for me at the same time not to get caught up with her for the time being, as I have clearly been warned. If she does not change her mind about the Press, we could perhaps think up some face-saving way for her without actually giving her any power!

You will be pleased to know that the Festschrift is going very well and it will be wonderful when it is complete. Would you still be willing to prepare an extract from your Indian diary for it? I do hope so. We are trying to gather in contributions as quickly as possible now.

The Indian Arts Council is showing signs of taking off in a big way now. Balraj our Chairman has just got approval from the ICCR to go to India to choose paintings for a major exhibition of Indian miniatures over here, which will be the first of its kind selected by an Indian artist as seen through his own eye, rather than previous such exhibitions which have been organised by English art historians or artists. Also the formation of the IAC as a charitable trust is at its last stage (it takes months), and the Arts Council are very interested in us and actually asking us to submit applications for funds. We are also keeping in touch with Gautam Sharma and the other IAC Committee in New Delhi.

I do hope this letter, Shakuntala, has helped you to clarify things in your mind, at least to some extent. I am very distressed at the rift which may have developed between us because of my delay in writing this letter. You are as a sister to me and I love you as Tambi's flesh and blood, but also because you're Shakuntala, and I hope we can put this right. I am sure that's what Tambi wants.

I am looking forward very much to seeing you soon and am very glad that Johan is visiting you on Martha's Vineyard.

Lots of love,
Jane

PS: I'm sorry about the messy letter!
No time to retype it and I had to reprint first page on the word processor. Sorry it looks so formal!

I'm enclosing a set of photos of the Hindu Memorial Tribute which I meant to give you with the tape in London. Hope you like them. I've identified people on the back of some of the photos.

40 Priory Road
London N8 7EX

12th June, 1989

Dear Shakuntala

Many thanks for your interesting letter and for sending me 'Catching An Elephant'. It's very good to have this indeed.

I shall be thinking of you on the 24th for your Vision Quest, and my thoughts are with you of course in all your spiritual searchings. It's a path we all tread alone and yet not alone - as the help and guidance comes flooding in once you open the door to inner development, and I am sure Tambi is very close to you in this.

I am glad you identified with Swami Rock, Raga Rock - I thought you would! It is a very revealing piece of Tambi's - and what I admire about this wonderful story is how honest it is, too.

I am afraid things couldn't be more tense with the publishers, right now. Kathleen Raine came back from India and read my Preface and Robin Waterfield's Introduction to the book and phoned me up straightaway. She liked my Preface very much and said there was hardly a word she would want to change in it - praise indeed coming from the 'grand dame of poetry' in London! But she had strong criticisms of the odd paragraph in RW's introduction, which more or less coincided with my own, and I asked her to write to them, as they were being stubborn and unco-operative with me about it. She did so, and sent me a copy of her letter. Peter Owen sent her a curt note back to say that 'most of the alterations or cuts she wanted had been made' - news to me! However, since then I have not been able to get an edited version out of them to see for myself. What's more - Robin Waterfield seems through some devious means to have got such a foothold with them that they are attempting to cut me off and deal only with him - and his actual involvement with the putting together of the book is about 1%. I am afraid it's sheer vindictiveness and the ego of a jealous and vengeful old man - but in the interests of the book itself I am having to consult the Society of Authors - a very influential body in London - and they are sympathetic towards me. But it's pretty distressing for me right now - it represents six years' work and my work will only be finished when I have seen to it that it is promoted properly. I assure you it's no ego-trip on my part - it's part of my pledge to Tambi and a sheer labour of love. So, dear Shakuntala, may I ask you to please send out positive thoughts for it in your meditations, and strongly, only you must of course be guided on what you focus on. But I am sure it will help. I see it rather like a beautiful bird that must be set free to keep alive and remind people of Tambi's vision and who he was - and I must fight to stop it being fettered!

I'll drop you a line very soon with a copy of the photo of Tambi you wanted, hopefully in time to reach you before your vision quest!

Love, Jane

20 Mornington Avenue
London W.14

Tel: 278 4411 Ext 224
603 2919

21 November 1983

Tambimuttu died on 22nd June 1983. A tradition which Tambi himself delighted in and which he had inherited from his grandfather in Ceylon was the publication of 'Festschrifts' as expressions of acknowledgement, affection and friendship. It has been suggested to me, as Tambi's Literary Executor, by Robin Waterfield and several of Tambi's friends, that one of the most appropriate ways to honour and pay tribute to Tambi would be the publication of a 'Festschrift' for him, and I am undertaking preliminary work towards such a volume with Robin Waterfield, with the help of suggestions from Tambi's many friends. Kathleen Raine has kindly agreed to be a Consultative Editor.

What is proposed is that contributions should take whatever form the contributors wish: a drawing, a painting, a musical composition, a poem, a prose piece (however short), or a quotation. We would hope that many would include their memories of Tambi as they knew him so that the work might have a biographical interest and, with Tambi's daughter Shakuntala's permission, photographs from Tambi's own collection may be included. If any of the recipients of this letter have letters, photographs, or other memorabilia connected with Tambi and Poetry London, I should be very grateful if they could let me know, because one of my tasks as Tambi's Literary Executor will be to set up an archive concerned with Tambi's life and work.

We hope that a fully representative collection of material will have been submitted by the end of May 1984 at the latest. Arrangements for finding the most suitable publisher are in progress, but in any event the ultimate publication of the volume has been guaranteed.

Contributions will be subject to the usual editorial oversight but nothing will be altered without the contributor's full agreement. Any profits from the book will be applied, subject to Tambi's daughter Shakuntala's approval and the blessing of the family, to some project designed to carry on Tambi's work.

I should be grateful if you could let me know as soon as possible, at the above address, whether you would be willing to contribute.

Yours sincerely

(Jane F Williams)

40 Priory Road
London N8 7EX

Dear Shakuntala

It was so good to get your letter and to hear all your news, from which I received a real sense of the energy and enthusiasm coming from you in your new and freer phase of life, although of course you have problems and questions and decisions on your mind. Our lives seem parallel at present, as I, too, have reached a new phase, as I explained in my last letter, and not least at present in career matters! When I left the CNAA last May I felt so happy and was enjoying a tremendous sense of freedom, feeling that all doors were open to me, and although this 15 months of temporary work may have served a purpose and enabled me to earn my living without any commitment or taxing my brain which I needed for other things, I think the security of a permanent job without the uncertainty of temporary work would ~~probably~~^{have} actually helped me to regulate other things in my life and I would have been stronger and felt more in control.

However, no doubt the temporary work has served its purpose and it was meant to be. But it has taught me an important lesson, and that is that one must have a central core of stability and steadiness in one's life - an area where you feel completely in control - I think it is a basic human need - so of course is movement and change - but it is Natural Law that the two balance each other out and I think this is one way of expressing something in Indian philosophy. One can cope with all sorts of adventures and change but you have to have some bit of firm ground to stand on which is not shifting sand! One important thing that this past year or so has done for me, with all its complications, is a realisation of this and I suppose part of the inner growth of this past karmic year, no doubt for both of us. So now I, too, am thinking about my career and security so I can earn a good steady salary and hopefully get a mortgage for a flat of my own. It is rather crucial that I try to do this before I am 40 - I am now 39 - horrifying isn't it, how time flies! Please forgive my long-windedness and philosophical words, but I feel strongly that I needed to convey this to you as you are on the verge of an exciting career, and are faced with important decisions over which you feel in a dilemma, and I felt I wanted to help you over this.

It is because of this lesson I have learned that I understood so well what you meant when you spoke in your letter of the dilemma ^{you} were experiencing over what to do at the end of September. This space of time after leaving College will no doubt have given you a break in which to think and plan your next move and also to give you energy and enthusiasm to plan your career, and I really believe you should capitalise on this and build on it while the iron is hot as it were, rather than split your energies between starting your career and the archives, both of which will need your concentrated energy separately. I really understand your dilemma, and how torn you must feel, but I feel very strongly guided and

prompted to say, and I hope I am right although one can never be completely sure about any decisions in life, strike while the iron is hot and forge your links in New York or Los Angeles first, and relieve your mind of the College loans and gain some valuable experience, which will put you in a much stronger position to then consider another step with the greater confidence and strength you will have gained. I realise the fear in your mind that you might get so involved with work that it might be more difficult to get over here, and that you probably feel that now is your chance, but my instinct tells me that you need some firm ground to stand on, from which you will, when you are able to take some time off to come to England, if only for a holiday at first, be able to take advantage of the opportunities here and able to concentrate on the archives without so many uncertainties weighing on your mind. I could also introduce you to Caroline Hamblett, a close friend of mine who knew Tambi very well and is on the IAC Committee (the daughter of Charles Hamblett whom Tambi knew very well). She is a freelance film editor and scriptwriter and knows the film and TV world pretty well, and I am sure she would be delighted to help and advise you and introduce you to people, and you would be much better able to take advantage of that with some valuable experience and without a background of problems and issues on your mind. By now you might already have made this decision, and if so I hope this letter might at least help to clarify your mind. You can always change your mind, but at least you will have the satisfaction of giving it a go in New York or L.A., and if you do I feel sure you will quickly climb the ladder and progress will escalate for you, and all my wishes ^{for} good luck and success will be with you!

and come over here and I'd love to have you with me

from the heart

Strangely, I, too am looking for a job in a creative field such as TV or Radio, but as a Secretary! Most of my secretarial experience is in publishing or education, and to get into the field of TV or Radio is not that easy for a secretary with no experience in the field, at my age, and having been doing a year's temporary work, but I feel that the right thing will turn up in the end - I hope so!

Now to other matters. The claim for £2,000 from the U.K. tax people would have been a very nasty thing for you to receive in the post and I am upset about it. Myfanwy Piper, who was ^a Director of Lyrebird, had telephoned me about this way back around Christmas time saying that she had had a claim from the tax people and I gave her James Fairclough's address. I believe she wrote to him but got no reply, and she said that if she could not sort it out here she would have to try the 'American end'. I really cannot believe that all that money is owed, as in 1972 the Lyrebird Press really ceased to trade except for the trickle of money from the sale of books, but I suppose it might refer to the time before that, although somehow I still doubt it. I am afraid this issue has forced me now to raise the delicate subject of Kay. I have been putting it off because, quite frankly, I regret having opened the door quite so wide to her at the beginning, not realising the worry and anxiety and disturbance it would bring, but then I wasn't thinking clearly at that time although I didn't see it then. Apart from any opinions or feelings I have which I have already expressed at length to you, it is now more a

question of the psychological effect of the thought of her, and I simply just can't help it. I think it would be a mistake for me to open up any direct communication with her again and open the door again to anxiety and complications for me to cope with, especially at a time when I am feeling more in control of my attitude towards things, and I think it best that if communication has to be made with her directly, it is better in your hands. Kay is as you know the major shareholder in the Lyrebird Press and therefore has the larger responsibility for this debt, as I see it. However, I do really hope very much that you hung on to your shares inherited from Tambi, as without them she would then be able to claim quite a few of the paintings, such as the Chadwicks, probably. It is true that Tambi had an agreement with her that if one of them died their shares would go to the other, but that was a very long time ago and over the years Tambi changed his mind about things as is evidenced in his making a new Will, and I myself really believe that he would now wish you to hold on to what is your's and your inheritance, which is the finest and only concrete thing he was able to leave for you, as he was not able to give you material things in life, though no real fault of his own; simply it was the way he was, he could never handle money properly, and believe me you were always on his mind and he never forgot you - I know! A moving example of this is enclosed for you - the little green savings book I found when sorting through the archives. It movingly speaks for itself. You never know, if you go along to that address, that \$1.62 might have grown into a good few dollars by now with interest!

To refer back to the UK tax people, no way should you even think about selling any of your father's precious archives for this wretched suspect debt. We will find some way round it. I am afraid James Fairclough tends to be very slow and I can't badger him because he has not been paid any money. I wrote to him some months ago asking him to confirm that when I had the valuation on the archives he would finalise all the documentation, and offered to pay him some money on account. At length he wrote back and said he would be glad to finalise things when he received the valuation, and mentioned no money! I have now at last had the valuation done by Robin Waterfield and forwarded it to James Fairclough and am waiting to hear from him. I am very sorry it has taken so long and feel very bad about it, but while the archives were all in the basement of that little chemist shop and access wasn't easy at the times I needed to go I think I had a mental block about it, and it is such a relief to have it all here, and one headache and worry off our shoulders. I am enclosing a copy of Robin's valuation for you. The archives are really worth very much more (I suspect perhaps even twice as much). Things were still not thoroughly sorted and Robin will have missed one or two valuable things, but for legal purposes I have been told the lowest valuation is best to avoid any taxes. Anyway, I hope you are pleased with it!

As soon as I hear from James Fairclough (I telephoned him yesterday but couldn't get to speak to him), I will discuss the matter with him, and in the meantime, if you get another communication, please forward it to me, and also send me a copy of the one you have already received. I could speak to Myfanwy about it, but hesitate because she is very friendly

with Kay and until I know what the situation is your end I do not wish to rock the boat! Please let me know how you feel as I am a bit hamstrung about the situation at the moment!

As far as the Festschrift is concerned, I am making a big effort to get the final contributions in by Christmas, and Robin and I had a meeting a couple of weeks ago to plan our **tactics for** approaching publishers. We are hoping to get it published in a special limited edition as well as an ordinary edition and feel fairly confident that it will be an exciting prestige book for the right publisher. Did you ever manage to get back your Indian diary? Please, please try and get something to me by Christmas, even if you have to write something afresh - it needn't be very long, but it is so important. This volume will be a one-off and will never be done again. May we please also choose one of Tambi's short stories for the Festschrift? It would be good to have something from Kay, but again I am wondering whether you can tell me frankly your feelings and how things are between you and her. The Pipers promised me a contribution over a year ago, and it would be a vital contribution, but I don't know what she has told them and it is all so difficult. If Myfanwy mentions it to me when I ask her again about their contributions, I will say that the Festschrift is something in Tambi's honour and memory and should be put above all other issues and differences between people, and should be the best everyone can do in his memory. It would be nice to have an average length, nice piece from Kay, but the thought of the already 12 pages long piece she was writing in March 1984 entitled 'Putting the Record Straight', sounds rather ominous, and much as we would like something from her, we don't wish her to dominate the whole thing, or anyone to - it has to be well balanced and looking at the whole spectrum of Tambi's life - Kay really was only one chapter. I really should like your guidance and views on this.

The IAC Committee is still being held in suspense over the Gallery in Marchmont Street. One of our Trustees has agreed to pay the key money for the lease on condition that we guarantee the rent, and the GLC have put off their final decision on the money they will give us yet again, until the middle of October - there really is so much red tape. Please keep your fingers crossed and say a prayer for us - the Gallery is such a crucial and vital step in the IAC's development, as it is crucial that we have a permanent base if the IAC is to grow into a well founded, expanding proper Indian Arts Council - it would then be a lot easier to get grants from other organisations and we would become a solid entity with a growing reputation.

I understand your strong desire to return to Sri Lanka and to maintain links with your roots there. You must do with Tambi's ashes what in your heart ^{you believe} ~~he~~ would have wished. I hope you don't mind my saying that I shuddered at the thought of putting them in a dark mausoleum, which seems in my mind like a prison, and love to think of them being spread on the holy river of eternal life and freedom, which represents in a Hindu way the freedom and eternal life of Tambi's soul. Please forgive me if it seems presumptuous for me to say

this, as of course it is your very personal decision and you must do what your heart tells you. Tambi's very great friend Kumar was over here in London a couple of months ago and I have long wanted to write to you about him. He is a holy man himself and has a little following, a sort of small ashram, in New York and also L.A. Tambi knew him very well indeed and spent much time with him and they were very close friends. Tambi used to stay with Kumar sometimes and in the middle of the night would ask Kumar to chant. Kumar said that Tambi used to listen and it was his way of joining with Kumar in meditation. Kumar understood the spiritual Tambi probably more than anyone else, and is spiritually very powerful and has been a great source of strength to me and to Kathleen Raine also. When he heard of Tambi's death he took the trouble to phone me from New York because he felt guided to do so, and whenever he comes to London he meets with Kathleen and me and we have a meditation. He has been a tremendous source of strength to me in all aspects of my life and is especially concerned to draw together those who truly loved and treasure Tambi's memory. I feel when he next comes to London that I might ask him to take the ashes that I have and take them with him when he next goes to India and spread them on the Ganges in the traditional Hindu way, another loving blessing for Tambi's spirit. It would be a wrench for me but it would be a symbolic 'letting go', which perhaps I must do.

I feel it is very important for me to put you in touch with Kumar, particularly now. I believe he is mostly based in Los Angeles now, and wherever you are if you make your link with him he will be a haven for you, particularly when times are difficult, and will help, guide and protect you, especially as you are Tambi's daughter. He has always turned up in London amazingly at the most crucial times for me and Kathleen, to help us, and during an intensely tough time emotionally in August last year he helped me a lot over the phone. I cannot emphasize enough how important I feel it is for you to make contact with Kumar - there is no doubt in my mind he really is a holy man and at the same time very jovial and down to earth when you meet him, and fun to be with too - nothing heavy about him at all! Please try to make this contact as I know you will benefit greatly from it and love the little group that surround him - they are all very practical, as he is and I am sure the ashram in L.A., as the one Tambi took me to in New York at the top of a house, is simple, friendly and homely like a little household, which is why I am sure Tambi felt at home there. Please, please try to contact him.

Kumar's addresses are as follows:-

Mostly based here:

K S Kumar
3285 Deronda Drive
Hollywood
Calif., USA
Tel: 213-461-1593

K S Kumar
240 West 14th St
New York
N.Y. 10011
Tel: 212-675-2645

I am looking forward very much to your next letter and news of what you are doing and how things are developing for you. I am enclosing some contributions for the Festschrift, and one or two other things that I found which I wished to send you.

I am sending this letter with enclosures to Northampton for safety, and am mailing a copy of the letter to Edgartown in case Christopher is still there and can pass it on to you before the package to Northampton reaches you.

With all my love,
and good luck!

Jane



Two ~~Four~~ on Four O Four
Galle Road Colombo Four

Magic Carpet
Singing Reeds
Ceylon Association
of
Accordionists

17-2-90

My dear Shakuntala,

I came across a letter
written by you to me on 2/9/89

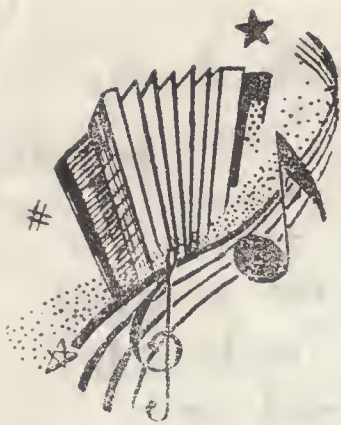
I was glad to see that
you are now feeling more confident.
All brothers had the prefix
Thurai to their home names.
My mother called me Chelvam
or Chellam which Chelvam means
"wealth" in Tamil. I have a
wealth of intentions but the Royal
Treasury is most often empty!

I took "Tone Patterns"
yesterday to the nearest photo-
-stating post office but unfortunately

"I was informed that the machine was "defective" and they were unable to oblige.

I have to take the material about 5 miles away and having no transport of my own now and public transport is over-crowded. I have to depend on self-propulsion — I have to walk! However I shall do it and post copies of the material along with this letter.

Did Jane have a copy of "Natarajah"?
Jane wrote four letters to me inviting me write something about James. I was discouraged by Paulinus who, in his opinion, considered James' contributions to the local press "doggerel"! In revenge I read one poem to him — I am myself a Gold Medalist in Elocution — So was your Daddy — and challenged him, you call that "doggerel"?



Magic Carpet
Singing Reeds
Ceylon Association
of
Accordionists

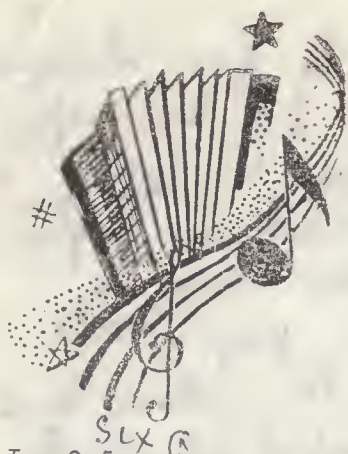
Two O Four on Four O Four
Galle Ro - ad Colombo Four

One copy of the Felicitation volume was brought to Ceylon by Paulinus' son Fred who is London. I never got the chance to even have it for a day or two as he was constantly "reading" it!

A "professor" from the University of Peradeniya arrived and was Paulinus not quite pleased!

I met this bloke once and was not impressed having other friends who are also professors and who are not anxious to even let it be known that they are Professors. Being from the Ceylon Administrative

Service and a graduate of the University of London. I was perfectly at ease. The "Prof" said he wanted to publish articles in Tamil. I said it was a good idea. The book on Tamil music is with "The Prof" and no article has so far appeared! Paulinus wanted me to hand over my collection of clippings of poems, essays and short-stories. I informed him that I was myself publishing the work he had done in Ceylon. I had clippings from 1950 and Paulinus tore out of the pages as he said he wanted a copy of a picture of a few accordionists and myself! Not worthy of publication apart from a note about the Ceylon Association of Accordionists of which I was founder-President. He probably could not help doing it as the Governor General of Ceylon was the Patron! Feeling tired - shall continue later.



Magic Carpet
Singing Reeds
Ceylon Association
of
Accordionists

SIX G
Two ~~O~~ Four on Four O Four
Galle Road Colombo Four

18.2.90

Continuing - I shall go on
Monday to Xerox Agents (Ceylon
Theatres) and try to get a copy
of Tone Patterns.

It was published in 1936
but some of the poems were written
in 1932 and 1933 and have
been published earlier in the local
newspapers. Your Daddy must have
been 17 years old.

I went yesterday 19.2.90
and got a copy of Tone Patterns
Xeroxed. As a copy of a
copy it is not very clear. The
best I could do and am enclosing it.
As he says he has been

given to understand he has abnormal hearing and vision but he prefers to believe that this so-called abnormality is actually a higher sense - "I have been a conscientious artist, paying the greatest attention to colour and tone and, most important of all, atmosphere". I also enclose

a copy of my autobiography which I wrote for my sister Josephine, your aunt who is in Toronto, Canada which has two poems written for the local press. Her address is 380 Keelewater Avenue Toronto M4P 4A5. This was written at her own request.

By no means can these poems be called doggerel.

Don't bother about sending me a copy of the amusing book "Running in the Family" when I try to make a joke out of this business called living I am shocked into Sobriety by certain events.

Am next writing to Jane to clear up any misunderstandings



Magic Carpet
Singing Reeds
Ceylon Association
of
Accordionists

Two O Four on Four O Four
Galle Road Colombo Four

20-2-90

I have written to my
daughter Savizini who is
in London and is your cousin
requesting her to send me
a copy of the Felicitation
Volume.

Please drop me a line
(a postcard would do)
informing me whether you
have received this letter and
the enclosure, as I hope I have
got your address correctly.

Affectionately Yours
Uncle Joe
(Joseph Turaichelvam
Tambunattu).

(P.T.C.)

" Sarojini Mansell's (née Tambimuttu)
address is 9 Roedean Close
St Peter's Park
Seaford
LONDON BN 253P3PF

Looking back to the year 1922 and a few years afterwards is beyond possibility as I entered this world on 8th March, 1922 in all probability with vociferous protestations. I still continue existing under protest having an inborn distaste to fit into a society which cares nought for reaping the benefits of true civilisation but joins the rat race in seeking honour, profit and selfish gain.

It was a time honoured custom for the mother-to-be to go homing back to the original town where all the family have been born for generations and my entry into the world was no exception as I was born in Atchuvely, Jaffna.

Even this "auto-biography" which I prefer to call a Self-Analysis is to enable the hordes of people who cannot understand me, however much they try, to at least obtain a peep into the inner workings of my mind. Even then I write under protest being compelled to do so by a loving sister who has a belief-mistaken perhaps - that I was born to write and thinks I am like dead seed now fallen by the wayside from which inferior - but extremely comfortable position for me - having no desire to convince persons whose opinions do not really matter to me - she is determined to raise me. It is to please her that I pen these words as writing about myself is not a natural bent in me.

My earliest memory is the same as any other child's - being dragged unwillingly ^{to} school with tears coursing down my face in the mistaken belief that I was leaving my mother's sared protection and care forever. In my case I was taken to the convent St. Mary's Convent, Trincomalee, to be specific as the very young were only admitted to the Convent and not to St. Joseph's College, Trincomalee.

In time I built up a friendship with a boy of my age - I must have been 5 years old - residing in the house opposite to ours from the Samson family. His father's name was actually Ahmen which betrayed his Islamic connection. This worthy gentleman had married a Burgher from Trincomalee and although Islam would never have frowned on his choice he was greatly embarrassed by little boys probably myself included - who in passing his residence repeated "Amen" "Amen" "Amen" corresponding to the final conclusion of liturgical invocation murmured amidst the towering Roman pillars of the Church. This worthy gentleman changed his name to Samson.

I remember walking with Alfred Samson Junior to School. We experienced pleasure in holding our rulers to the corrugated sheeting of a metallic fence and listening to rhythmic sound caused by the ruler. On the way, I had said something to annoy Alfred. Even, at that state I had a strong belief that Brains had to compete with Brawn and that ultimately Brains would triumph. On this particular occasion Samson retaliated and clobbered me on my head. I ran back home shouting all the way in my then existing home language "Adiche Potan Mandaliay". He has hit me on the head. On reaching my mother she soothed the aching brow but diplomatically took no action. Alfred and I continued as friends as a consequence.

My father related to me a story that I was taken as a baby to Singapore. On the return voyage there was a storm but the storm subsided. He added "It was probably due to the fact that you were on board. None of us were drowned". I never considered myself as born with the Silver spoon in my mouth or carrying the lucky horseshoe as actual events have proved that luck apparently eludes me the very moment I am sure of success. Perhaps all the "luck" that was apportioned to me by the fairies at birth had all been used up to give luck to others, so that there was nothing left for me! On verifying this incident of storm and the safe arrival of the boat notwithstanding Thor's thounderbolts and lightning from my Aunty Anne she said that I was still in my mother's womb at that time. What a boost to one's ego that a supernatural force was released by me even before birth. My father being dead some years now I am unable to verify further.

However, I was a Royal baby, as claims have been made that the family is from the Maddapuli clan of rulers who subsequently ruled over the Jaffna Kingdom. I am unable to comment as I do not have the required knowledge of Tamil to enable me to study the source books which other members of the family have studied and traced the geneology to Arya Chakravarthi. (13th C) with the demise of my mother at a time when I was only 13 years the "mother" tongue ceased to be spoken at home and all of us naturally conversed in English at home, with which language we were thoroughly conversant with due to the educational policy of the time. I must be ^{at} grateful for the knowledge gained of an international language which has thrown open the doors of knowledge of many countries in the world. I cannot help but feel genuinely sorry for those who were deprived of this advantage and had to necessarily narrow down and restrict their field of knowledge, due to the paucity of the books available in the National language.

At Trincomalee my father ran a printing press the only one in town at that time and hence fared very well indeed in the absence of competition. In addition he was an auctioneer and as far as I remember our residence was named "Dingley Dell." To the sound of the gong a crier would go round announcing "Auction sale at Dingley D-ale". My memory may be at fault but this was a childhood impression that remained-my elder brothers may correct me if I am mistaken.

At Singapore my father was on the editorial staff of the "Malayan Tribune" and on his return was fully Westernized in dress and manner. Sporting a moustache, complete with the customary Waistcoat with the pocket watch in the pocket designed for one, he possessed a personality all his own being very fair in complexion and tall enough to look impressive. A childhood memory is seeing him ride a bicycle and, seeing my mother waiting at the doorstep, he held both his arms outstretched from his ^{shoulder} without touching the handlebars like an acrobat as though he wanted to impress my mother with "Look ! No hands" He did ride a few yards, but he suddenly came a cropper. Didn't my mother and we, the children who were watching the scene, laugh over his discomfiture.

I do not know whether it was this incident or other considerations that prompted him to buy a car. He decided to buy a used car - large enough to accommodate the family - a tourer model with a canvas hood. My father of course, thought it was a bargain while my mother being like most females ignorant of the mechanism was equally pleased. Being of a religious disposition she suggested a pilgrimage ^{to} ~~for~~ Madhu. My father complied, we reach Madhu and started homewards; a good distance away from home, the car suddenly developed a nasty wheeze and cough and finally refused to function.

We had to return in ignominy towed by a bullock cart - but at least it was a double bullock cart - with a pair of sturdy oxen providing the motive power. Whether my father sold the car in disgust or continued to possess it I do not remember.

There is a shrine close home within six miles from Trincomalee. It was sited at Paalai Oothu. My brother, Poet Thurairajah, when in Ceylon in 1949, wrote to the Times of Ceylon the following rhymes on Paalai Oothu under the caption "Rhymes of the Times".

There's a grotto in the heart of the jungle
Where the Madonna's blue with the emerald mingles
Pilgrims are fervent in the nave of the rollicking breeze
Fringed by the gothic pillars of ancient trees
The sky's roof protects the open - air church
All that pray here the angels bless
It is faith, we know, that makes eyes to flower
Limbs to levitate, and birds to hover
Stars in their courses, protect the fervent wish
All things are real in the heart's mesh
This jungle sanctuary of the believing mind
Seems the jungle's vision, and all else blind,
The well is deep, where the pilgrims draw water
In their pots cook their hard days, and the softer
Molluscs from China Bay. They are ecstatic
Under thatched shed, ~~on~~^{or} by trees crutch
What is unreal in this place?

Nothing Nothing

The birds make nests and the pilgrims sing
Sloe-eyed children are lost in the guava groves
Deserted by a planter who died long ago
The caffir settlement in the jungle hermitage
Where lope hunters with their ancient lineage
Fills their eyes with envy for the simple life
But their hearts know now a new love.
If you go there, You will still see, my friend
How I carved my name on the jungle oaks BRANCH.

Not far away from the shrine is an inlet where the sea has
invaded the inland. The ocean floor slopes gently and one could proceed
even half a mile out into the ocean water and yet keep one's head above
water. On the ocean floor were found circular depressions encircled
by a ridge of ocean sand, if one felt around with one's bare hands. On
digging into these encircled depressions one found oysters which have
been a perennial gourmet's delight.

I still remember the picnic made to Kinniya where bubbled the
waters of the seven hot springs each spring situated within a few yards
of each other. One spring was sufficiently hot for an egg to be
boiled in the waters. In the immediate shadow of the Konneswaran
Temple dedicated to the Hindu deities we bathed in the health - giving
water and were content with a vegetarain meal, quite substantial

though, served on the leaf of a banana tree which repast we enjoyed seated cross legged on the floor on mats.

In 1949 - 50 on a holiday in Ceylon my brother the Poet, call him Meary James, Thuraiiraja or Cheeni Annan, it is still the same man, reminisced about Kinniya in the Times of Ceylon

The Springs of Kinniya.

Past the harbour and the low hills
Full of coucals and purple bells
The gay holiday heart races;
The jungle's spirit rouses
From his black blanket; releases
Showers of monkeys and painted birds.
And saline roots in their perfect order,
You leave behind the geometric railway
And sqil into the jungle's cathedral
You have found the heart of the island
In this wild and sweeping song.
And here is the end of the quest.
The seven Sisters in a tumble - down shed,
Seven clear springs tepid or boiling,
Serene or full of dreams, or bubbling
You have looked into the earth's eyes
And the hidden fire, in the water flows;

I distinctly remember meeting my brother in his room at his Hotel in Colombo in the morning - I was working outside Colombo at that time - the multitude of cigarette butts denoting the frantic racing of his mind fighting against time pounding at a typewriter to complete his contribution to the Rhymes of the Times before the news sheets went to the press. A pint of chilled beer beside him, he apologetically remarked. "It is too hot here to drink anything else other than beer."

With the decision of my parents to send my eldest brother Francis Ozanam to a Colombo School for education the whole pattern of our family changed, necessitating our leaving Trincomalee, affectionately remembered, for Colombo.

TEMENOS

352.4643

A REVIEW DEVOTED TO THE ARTS OF THE IMAGINATION

Aug.13th

Edited from 47 Paultons Square London SW3 5DT

Dear Shakuntala,

Your letter has just come with your great news - that you are coming to London to seek your fortune. May you indeed find it. I don't know that I can be of much practical help in that world, of which I know nothing, but anything I can do, like writing testimonials, being a reference and so on, of course I will. And be sure you come and see me when you arrive so that I can know what I can do. And just to see you will, of course be a great pleasure. Jane Williams too, who is so loyal in her guardianship of Tambi's archives. She came to see me last week with a bundle of Tambi's snapshots taken over the years for me to help to identify some of the poets and others of those days. All these young people now old or gone. 'Tell me where the lost years are', Donne wrote. I can't believe they are not somewhere.

Waitressing jobs are not difficult - my granddaughter Catharine has long experience of all that; she has now at last got a permanent job that she likes, as secretary to the social services department in the Middlesex Hospital. Perhaps we can consult her. But the Sri Lanka company that offered to give you a job might after all come up with one and that would be lovely.

Jane has been working on the memorial volume - it is more than time it was completed and she realizes that and has been making a renewed effort to gather in whatever still remains. She will be glad to have you here to discuss the archives. I'm afraid I think she has made a mistake in quarreling with - or dissociating herself from - the October Gallery, where, after all, Tambi himself chose to live in his last years. That would have been a good home for them. I fear they would just be submerged

in some larger library or museum. But there is much to consider and no decision should be reached in haste. If you wanted to sell them there are of course possibilities, and there I might be able to help with suggestions. But first of all you must come and see them and go through them with Jane.

How good that your family will be in Paris - you will have that protecting wing not too far away. There were some lovely photographs of Esther in Tambi's collection. Looking very beautiful.

Affectionately,
Kath

47 Paulton's Square
London SW3 5DT
0171-352 4643

by 12/5/1995.

Dear Shakti Pale, It was lovely to have your letter telling me so many real things about yourself. I'm glad you feel your father close to you, he was very proud of you and loved you very much. I'm glad you have made your pilgrimage to Sri Lanka, and discovered that you are a Tamil woman as well as a modern American girl. Tambi always spoke of Sri Lanka with such love and especially his Hindu relatives where he ate 'food offered to idols' and there was so much joy. When I first met Tambi he can't have been older than you are now and he was all life and joy and poetry. He would have been so glad you have made that spiritual pilgrimage. May your spiritual pilgrimage be lifelong!

I will of course keep you informed about the Nehru Centre's plans to make a programme about Tambi. I don't know whether they could pay your fare to England, I rather fear not, they don't have funding to pay fares of artists to England from India and have to catch people on the wing.

I'm sad about Jane not having been open in her dealings with you. I know she was very possessive of Tambi's archives, she clung on to her task of sorting them as his literary executor because that was her identity, she did not want to finish the work which would have left her without any reason for living, she never found any man to fall in love with half so real as having worked with Tambi. She was very jealous of the people at the October Gallery. But she was dying of cancer at the end and really had not the strength to file the papers as she should have done. I'm quite sure she did not know she was working against your interests and did not intend to do so, it was just that she could not part with the material. In fact Tambi was very fond of the October Gallery and the people there and it still goes on being a very alive place. Perhaps the archives should have remained with them, but then again now that copies can be sent over the waves of the air it hardly matters where the originals are. You have forgiven her and that is best.

Do keep in touch
hold of the Golden String to
of pilgrimage. I send you much
Shakti Pale and keep
for the 50th birthday
love from

MRS. EDWARD H. BENNETT, JR.
530 NORTH GREEN BAY ROAD
LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS 60045

9 April, 1984

Mr. James Fairclough
Evill & Coleman
112, Upper Richmond Road
Putney,
London SW15 2UD

Dear James,

This will be a less formal note added to our official letter of request regarding The Lyrebird Press Ltd., which I will send on to Shakuntala to sign.

Things are moving along nicely over here. We have decided to carry on with the Lyrebird name after all, so the U.S. company will be incorporated as The Lyrebird Press Inc. If you should need further details, since the U.K. company will be a subsidiary of the U.S. company, I would be glad to send them. The incorporation should be accomplished within the next week or two.

I have reread the Memorandum and Articles of Association of Lyrebird London Ltd. as drawn up (by you, I think) on 17 Nov. 1970. Would you use the same wording in describing the objects for which Editions Poetry London Ltd. is being formed? It seems to quite adequately cover all possible activities and contingencies, except that I think the company should be set up to have a maximum of twelve directors. The names of the officers and directors are:

Chairman & Secretary: Katharine F. Bennett

(I will change my title to Chairman & General Manager as soon as a secretary can be named.)

Directors: Edward H. Bennett, Jr.

James Fairclough

David C. Phillips, II

Frederick F. Phillips

Myfanwy Piper

Kathleen Raine

Shakuntala Tambimuttu

If addresses are needed, I can easily send them. As was decided when we last talked, the U.S. company will hold 99 shares and I will hold 1 share in the U.K. company, each share valued at one pound. I will count on your letting me know when the £100. must actually be paid into the new company.

I am most grateful for your valuable help and advice.

Sincerely,



So far not published, alas!

MRS. EDWARD H. BENNETT, JR.
530 NORTH GREEN BAY ROAD
LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS 60045

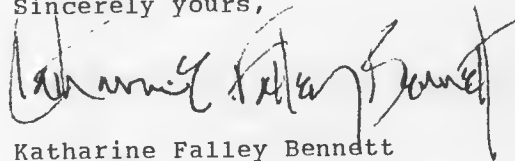
2 January, 1990

The Editor.
The Spectator,
56 Doughty Street,
London WC1N 2LL
Fax: 242 0603

Sir: Regarding the review of TAMBIMUTTU: BRIDGE BETWEEN TWO WORLDS (9 December), Alan Ross's criticism appears to smack more of sour grapes than of an intelligent evaluation of Tambi's impact on the literary scene of the 40's and 50's.

Tambi was never uncertain about "who he was or where his interests lay". His essential "Indianness" prevailed at all times. As for his being Tony Dickins' lover, anyone who knew Tambi knew him to be a supremely committed heterosexual. Mr. Ross should check his sources more carefully. Tambi's third wife was not an Indian, but an American from Northampton, Massachusetts. She is the mother of his only child, Shakuntala.

Sincerely yours,




Katharine Falley Bennett

This should have gone off to you

ago.

Will try to call you (from K.W.)
Our number there will be

305 292-1044

Love - 

Showing flair in the blackout

Alan Ross

TAMBIMUTTU: BRIDGE
BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

edited by Jane Williams

Peter Owen, £25, pp. 296

Tambimuttu's career, in its brief wartime heyday, was a triumph of charm over character, appearance over application, instinct over effort. Newly arrived from Ceylon in 1938, and helped by his one-time lover, ex-Indian army officer, Tony Dickins, the 23-year-old Tambimuttu set about launching *Poetry London*, a magazine that would lurch erratically and sometimes brilliantly over the next decade.

The publishing firm of Nicholson and Watson, unique in the war years for having plenty of paper but few titles, took over the housing and backing of the magazine, as well as, later, the publishing activities of Editions Poetry London. At that time you could sell virtually anything, and for a while even the undisciplined Tambi was in clover. Childlike though he was, Tambi was a natural impresario, and soon there was nobody of consequence beyond his reach. His first issue contained poems by Spender, Read, Durrell, Barker and Dylan Thomas.

Tambi's own taste was erratic, more or less confined to poetry as lyric. His anti-intellectualism, as recorded by Helen Irwin in her useful contribution to this volume, unfortunately cut him off from some of the best poetry being written, as well as leaving him open to the worst excesses. But Tambi had flair, and his vision of painting and drawing as non-literal complements to the printing of poetry, was responsible for several inspired collaborations and some of the handsomest and most original books of the decade — David Gascoyne illustrated by Sutherland, Nicholas Moore by Freud, Henry Moore's *Shelter Sketch Book*, Barbara Hepworth's drawings for Kathleen Raine. Later came Elizabeth Smart's *By Grand Central Station I Sat Down and Wept*, Henry Miller's *The Cosmological Eye*, Nabokov's *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, poems by Bernard Spencer and Pierre Seghers, Keith Douglas's *Alamein to Zem-Zem*. There were, between 1943 and 1951, 62 titles altogether, the first 41 technically published by Nicholson and Watson, but under Tambimuttu's guidance. The magazine *Poetry London* first

appeared in February 1939 and continued at irregular intervals until December 1948, at which time, after 14 issues, Tambi bowed or was elbowed out. Another nine issues, co-edited by Nicholas Moore and the new proprietor, Richard March, were published, but by then what liveliness of spirit there had been in the enterprise had long since evaporated.

The postwar years were not kind to Tambi, who seemed stuck in an out-of-time air-pocket, and though various schemes were subsequently launched, handsomely supported by innocent admirers, nothing much came of them. Tambi retained the gifts of enthusing and persuading almost until his death in 1983, but the ratio between ideas and work, never very high, declined still further.

Tambi's real homes were London pubs, especially the Hog in the Pound in Oxford Street and The Wheatsheaf in Soho. For the whole of his *Poetry London* period he was to be seen in one or the other, a magnetic attraction for writers and others on leave, secure in the knowledge that around Tambi were to be found congenial spirits and attractive girls.

In his youth, Tambi had beauty and simplicity, a warm and welcoming nature, so that it was not surprising he evoked mothering instincts in a variety of women. He was a good friend and during the three years or so — 1943-46 — when I saw most of him, he was a continual source of pleasure of one bizarre kind or another. He lived in the most primitive fashion, in two squalid and tiny rooms off St Martin's Lane. Food and washing facilities were of little concern to him, kept afloat as he was by the succession of pints he consumed on his nightly round. Like Maclaren-Ross, Nina Hammett, Johnny Minton, and Sylvia Gosse, he was a fixture, a wartime landmark from which others took their bearings.

Left high and dry in the Fifties, Tambi tried his luck in New York. He married twice more, to Indians — his first, English wife died, though long after their parting — and he returned for a final journey to India. He published a few poems, and articles, none of them particularly good, largely because of a fatal reluctance to think anything through.

Tambi ended his days in Cornwall Gardens, his last months spent in making plans for an Indian Arts Council. Jane Williams, his devoted former assistant and literary executor, has collected together contributions by friends from all periods of Tambi's life, from George Barker to Timothy Leary, Mulk Raj Anand to Diana Menuhin. Tambi's own writings are included and there is an invaluable checklist of the magazines and books associated with him.

Shabbily clothed as he usually was, Tambi could, on the comparatively rare occasions he dressed in his high-collared Indian jacket, look splendid. He never had any money, but living from hand to mouth

suited him. It was impossible to imagine him in bourgeois surroundings or with possessions and an orderly life. Only latterly did he begin to come to terms with his Indianness, uncertainty as to who he was, or where his interests lay, contributing to some of his problems. He was too fatalistic and self-indulgent to compete in the real world, but for most of the time, despite periods of irritation and depression, he was good to be with, a frail, decorative figure who comes happily to life in Jane Williams' collection.

Telling it like it was and still is

Anatol Lieven

ABOUT FACE

by Colonel David H. Hackworth and
Julie Sherman

Sidgwick & Jackson, £16.95, pp. 875

It is a rare professional soldier who could bear to reprint an enemy's remark that his own side 'walk in the open and look like bewildered ducks', as a Vietcong officer wrote of the US army in Vietnam. Unfortunately for that army, Colonel David H. Hackworth was indeed a rare figure in its ranks. A semi-delinquent who joined up at the age of 15, commissioned from the ranks on a Korean battlefield, in two wars he was wounded eight times and decorated even more often for courage and leadership in the field. He quit the army in 1971, after 'blowing the whistle' in a television interview on the lying and incompetence of the American high command in Vietnam.

In particular, he spoke of how the infamous practice of pegging success to the 'body count' had 'encouraged officers to lie'; in these memoirs he says that it also encouraged them to shoot any Vietnamese who moved. He described the 'razzle-dazzle briefings' whereby General Westmoreland and his staff would mislead the political leaders in Washington; and of how military bureaucrats had cost the lives of tens of thousands of American soldiers through lack of fighting experience and proper training.

The book begins in a bloody fight in northern Korea, and surges — rather slowly, it must be said — on a tide of booze, battles and sex through 875 pages as far as the colonel's retirement and subsequent involvement in the Australian peace movement. It is fairly raw stuff — approp-

Beggars can be boozers

TAMBIMUTTU: Bridge Between Two Worlds
edited by Jane Williams *Peter Owen £25 pp291*
Andrew Sinclair

Tambimuttu was a catalyst of chaos. He was the improbable go-between in a time of fragmentation. In this *festschrift* of contributions from more than 50 people there are celebrations which are exaggerated and unreal, not inappropriately, as their subject is Tambimuttu.

Tambimuttu is still revered in India and his native Sri Lanka as the one expatriate who acquired power in literary London and became a leading poetry editor in the 1940s. The period suited the young Tamil poet, who had the gift of magnetic acquaintance. With his long blue-black hair, liquid eyes and writhing fingers, he fascinated even those who disapproved of him.

His chief conquest was the fastidious T S Eliot, who encouraged him and supported his endeavours without ever joining him in his bohemian raffishness. For Tambimuttu took to the pub life of Soho as to the bitter born. He even claimed to have invented the word "Fitzrovia" (based on the Fitzroy Tavern, although the tavern and the terms for that artistic rendezvous west of Bloomsbury predated his arrival there). He launched his famous magazine, Poetry Lon-

don, on £10 and he kept all the submitted manuscripts in a large chamberpot under his bed. (He is said to have used it after drinking too much and to have rescued floating masterpieces from his excesses.) The Swiss and the French pubs and the Hog in the Pound were frequently his offices, although he also used the public baths in Russell Street, even if the steam room tended to dissolve the work of his contributors.

Yet new and serious publishers backed him and his peculiar discrimination. He had fine and catholic tastes, publishing neo-romantic and Georgian poets alongside experimental verse and the laconic messages of war that returned to London. He employed Henry Moore and Graham Sutherland to design his covers and decorate his books. His marriage of word and significant illustration was almost as artful as on a medieval illuminated manuscript.

Wherever he drifted, there was a persistent eddy of artistic excitement. During the war, a soldier, a sailor or an airman with a poem in his pocket could always find Tambimuttu in a pub, drinking through the Blitz, and in that unsafe haven he could proffer his poem or his sketch of the fighting. What John Lehmann missed at Penguin New Writing and Cyril Connolly at Horizon, Tambimuttu snapped up, the most available editor of a briefly democratic and besieged culture. He was the first to value and edit Keith



● *Tambimuttu: fascinated even those who disapproved of him*

Douglas's Alamein to Zenn Zenn; he also published Henry Moore's *Shelter Sketchbook*.

Yet the chaos of the war, which gave him his opportunity, also destroyed him. For he had no head for money. As he once protested, he did not have luck, he had vision and faith. If he went out with a begging-bowl to pay for his books and maga-

his own reputation. In his last years, he lived on beer and wine and women. He was always the Tamil bohemian who liked to call himself a prince, although he was truly only a prince in Fitzrovia.

The tributes to Tambimuttu in this book are moving and evocative, particularly those by Nicholas Moore and Kathleen Raine. But none of them answers the question posed by a Sinhalese compatriot — how could an obscure Tamil from Jaffna become a leading literary editor in wartime London?

There are many answers — the collapse of the Marxist literary elite of the 1930s, the destruction of most of the warehouses full of new books in the Blitz, the access of Poetry London to large stocks of scarce paper, the focus of the artists in the armed forces on Fitzrovia during their leaves, the high profile of Tambimuttu (and everyone knew where to find him), the sprouting of little magazines that satisfied the short attention span available for those who were serving or on duty.

Yet an explanation remains elusive — as elusive as Tambimuttu himself. This book suggests that he had an inner strength, a vision of the world as a whole. He saw no contradiction between begging, boozing and sleeping with girls and the purity of his poetic insight.

It was not a philosophy that convinced everyone. Timothy Leary loved Tambimuttu's elegant dignity and benign aloofness when the poet stayed at his LSD college, but another New York writer called Tambimuttu "a crazy drunken con-artist full of spiritual baloney". In his sad years, Tambimuttu kept his faith, but he ran out of luck. At his memorial service in London the priest referred to "the passing of our dearly beloved Mary James". Tambimuttu's name was actually Meary James, but his life was never quite right or real, and his death could hardly be so.

Andrew Sinclair's *War Like a Wasp: The Lost Decade of the Forties* was published recently by H Hamilton

The Indian Book Shop
Cambridge, Mass.

The Lyrebird Press Ltd



Publishers

14 CORNWALL GARDENS LONDON SW7 4AN | TEL 01 589 1285 01 589 6446

TAMBIMUTTU *Chairman*
KATHARINE F BENNETT *Deputy Chairman*
KATILEEN RAINE *Director*

BOOKS WANTED FROM GREAT BRITAIN by Kay Bennett (2 copies of everything)

Tambimuttu: "Out of This War, A Poem (The Fortune Press, London. No date)

Tambimuttu: "Natarajah" (Poetry London pamphlet. 1948)

Henry Moore: "Shelter Sketch Book" (Editions Poetry London. 1945)

Elizabeth Smart: "By Grand Central Station I Sat Down & Wept (Editions Poetry
London. 1945)

Henry Miller: "The Cosmological Eye" (Editions Poetry London. 1946)

Henry Miller: "Wisdom of the Heart" (Editions Poetry London. 1947)

Henry Miller: "Sunday After the War" (Editions Poetry London. 1946)

Anais Nin: "Under a Glass Bell" (Editions Poetry London. 1948)

"T. S. Eliot: a Symposium" compiled by Richard March & Tambimuttu (Editions
Poetry London. 1948)

"Poetry in Wartime" edited by Tambimuttu (Faber & Faber. 1942)

"Selected Writing" compiled by Reginald Moore (Nicholson & Watson. 1942)

Nos. 1-15 of Poetry London magazine (No. 10 issued in hardcover in 1945)

Stephen Spender: "Poetry Since 1939" (Published for the British Council by
Longmans, Green & Co. 1946. Reissued 1948.)

J. Maclaren-Ross: "Memoirs of the Forties" (Alan Ross, London. 1965)

Julius Horwitz: "Can I Get There by Candlelight" (British or American edition ~~1963~~)

Omar Garrison: "Tantra" (Academy Editions, London. 1972)^{c. 1963}

Could you show this to Fred? He might be able to find some of
the books.

LEONARD CURTIS

Leonard Curtis & Co
PO Box 553
50 Eastbourne Terrace
London W2 6LF
Telephone 01-262 7700
Telex 22784 Curtis G
Fax (all grps) 01-723 6059

P Monjack
KD Goodman
SD Swaden
PS Dunn

When telephoning please
ask for: Mr Morkam

Our ref: RM/3/CS

Your ref:

Date: 29 March 1989

AIR MAIL

Mrs K. Bennett
530 North Green Bay Road
Lake Forest
Illinois 60045
U.S.A.

912 142
2 TALLERS Full at 2 lbs per pallet per week
4 lbs. per week
\$16 per month
12

Dear Madam

COVENT GARDEN MANUFACTORY LTD [IN ADMINISTRATIVE RECEIVERSHIP]
Nottingham Court Press

I write to advise you that, together with my partner, Philip Monjack, FCA, I was appointed as one of the Administrative Receivers of the above named company on 10th February by Midland Bank Plc, under the powers contained in a debenture dated 14th October 1986.

0274-81-3939 I understand from the directors of the company that books or materials that were sold to yourself are currently stored in the warehouse of Messrs Hoddle Doyle & Meadows Ltd, Old Mead Road, Elsenham, Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire, or, if materials, at Messrs Woolnough Fine Binding, Express Works, Church Street, Irthlingborough, Northants.

As Covent Garden Manufactory Ltd has now ceased trading, would you please make your own arrangements with the warehouse or the binders for either the release of your property, or make the necessary arrangements for the continued storage of same, which can no longer be the responsibility of the company.

I would appreciate receiving a statement setting out your outstanding account with the company, and as soon as I have concluded preliminary enquiries, I will contact you further in the light of the provisions of Section 48 of the Insolvency Act 1986.

If I can be of any further assistance, please do not hesitate to contact this office.

Yours faithfully
For and on behalf of
COVENT GARDEN MANUFACTORY LTD

K.D. GOODMAN, FCA
Joint Administrative Receiver

Licensed insolvency
practitioners with
offices also in Manchester,
Liverpool and Brighton

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

MRS. EDWARD H. BENNETT, JR.
530 NORTH GREEN BAY ROAD
LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS 60045

5 March, 1988

Ridley Burnett
Nottingham Court Press
The Endell Street Place
27-29 Endell Street
London WC2H 9BA

Dear Ridley,

I apologize for being slow in responding to your letters. Besides finding it difficult to make a decision about the disposal of India Love Poems, there have been an ongoing series of crises here that have conspired to keep me from my desk.

When I was in London last August, we talked of shipping all of the copies of ILP over here. Before going to that expense, I think I should examine various alternatives. What would storage at your warehouse in Harfordshire for just these books cost per annum? Since no progress is being made with getting the books into libraries in India and elsewhere, I wonder what else might be done with them? Do you have any suggestions?

Regarding ribbons for the slipcases, I am inclined to abandon the idea. The book is so heavy, it might, if improperly handled, rather quickly cause the ribbons to be torn out of the cases. This would be considerably less attractive than cases that might have buckled slightly.

Could you arrange to have the casemaker finish up the cases and ship them to the warehouse? I would like to have each book put into its case and rewrapped, as you once suggested.

Was this ever done?

As to the remaining Lyrebird Press stock, could you ask someone at the warehouse to have the books unwrapped and examined, then rewrapped in packets of six or twelve or whatever seems best, culling out those that are damaged, making a count of what remains and disposing of the culls. There is no point in continuing to pay storage on books that are unsaleable. Could you then have the new count sent to me?

Was this ever done?

If you are still interested in carrying the LB books in your catalogue and selling them in your shop, I can't think of a better means of disposing of the remaining stock. I should leave the pricing to you, although I would be inclined to leave the prices as they originally were. What do you think about this? Could the books be listed in Books in Print (or the British equivalent)? In the case of the Festschrift, I would like to have the remaining copies in cloth put aside, so that I can eventually bring them back here. That would leave only the copies in paperback for sale. The books listed as "Katharine Bennett" (probably the Festschrift), the Marianne Moore,

over

Twink, and Bin Ends could be kept aside also and not be sold.
I am enclosing some descriptive copy (and the old prices) which
could be used in your catalogue, if you find it suitable.

I hope that I have covered everything that has remained unsettled.
With best wishes,

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature, possibly reading 'Lan', written in dark ink.

LYREBIRD PRESS BOOKS

- C 2.50 Exile's End by Gary Livingston
Written over a seven year period, this is the almost unbearably moving account of the author's slow progression through drugs to despair, his near fatal shooting of his parents and his rehabilitation through the nightmare therapy of an institution for the criminally insane.
- C 3.25 Hidden World of Erotica by R.E.L. Masters
An examination of currently forbidden sexual practices and the morality and laws governing them.
- C 2.50 The Crack in the Cosmic Egg by Joseph Chilton Pearce
An exciting personal voyage of discovery, essential for those who are seeking expanded means of creative living.
- C 2.50 Fundamentals of Yoga by Rammurti S. Mishra M.D.
The most practical, authoritative and understandable book ever published on the science of Yoga, presenting working methods and exercises for the achievement of spiritual awareness and improved health.
- C 2.25 Notes To Myself by Hugh Prather
P 1.25 Cogent and incisive short paragraphs of penetrating wisdom, quiet humor and engaging honesty, which have become guideposts for interior exploration.
- C 2.00 Poems From Bangla Desh translated from the Bengali by Pritish Nandy, selected by Tambimuttu, illustrated by Feliks Topolski.
P 1.25 An anthology of the work of thirty-five poets, representing the main trends in contemporary literature in Bangla Desh.
- C 2.00 The Way of Life (according to Lao Tzu) translated by Witter Bynner, illustrated by Frank Wren.
P 1.25 Many have attempted to bring the reflections of Lao Tzu to the Western world, but the version of the American poet, Witter Bynner, is unique in that he brings his poetic understanding to each philosophical insight. Bynner has admirably captured the simple dignity of Lao Tzu's language and the profound quality of his thought.
- C 1.75 The Jesse Tree by Anne Ridler. With drawings by John Piper
P 1.00 A masque in verse, which explores the mystery of creation and the coming of evil, using the symbolism of the Tree as it is found in Norse and Christian myth. The masque, with music by Elizabeth Maconchy, was commissioned for performance in Dorchester Abbey, where there is a famous Jesse Tree window.
- P 1.00 Festschrift for KFB edited by Tambimuttu
A birthday book compiled by the editor to honour his partner in the Lyrebird Press and to celebrate it as a rebirth of Editions Poetry London, which flourished in the Forties.
- C 1.50 Watermarks by Benoy Chakraborty. Illustrations by Frank Connolly
P 70p A collection of poetic prose that simultaneously laments and exalts the passage of love, raising emotion to a level almost beyond verbal expression to a universality in which words become stepping stones to a truth that touches all of us.



Nottingham Court Press at ...

Mrs. Edward H. Bennett, Jr
530 North Green Bay Road
Lake Forest
Illinois 60045, U.S.A.

25th March 1988

Dear Kay,

Thank you for the Lyrebird catalogue and your letter.

I am going to arrange for the Indian Love Poem boxes to be finished and for them to be "re-stored" and packed at our warehouse in Hertfordshire. The stock is presently covered by our general books insurance and storage charge, as are the stocks of Lyrebird Press. I think a fair proportion of storage and insurance would be £150 per annum and we have already held them for some time.

I can also ask the warehouse to inspect and re-wrap the Lyrebird stock so that you get a stock count. There will be a separate charge for this.

As to sale of India Love Poems I suggest that we use the shop (as we have the space) to display copies. Could you let me know (a) your retail price and (b) what sort of commission you would give us per sale (we would undertake shipping at cost).

I have now received an official stock count from the warehouse, not a bill as a separate charge.

As to the Lyrebird books, again, we could display these as a special feature but I appreciate that you would wish us to reserve the copies of Festschrift, Marianne Moore, Twink and Bin Ends. I don't know how we can list the books as books in print unless we become the official distributor (does anybody else carry the titles at the moment?), nor am I sure that the original prices would apply. Some of the books look to me, by modern standards, to be relatively cheap. If we were to treat them as "few remaining copies available" we could decide on higher prices and, again, arrange a commission structure. If we do this I think that we would display all the relevant titles and we could circulate their availability when we next mail our book customers. In so doing we would be free to circulate customers outside the U.K.

With very best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Ridley

Ridley Burnett

Nottingham Court Press
at ...



Mrs. Edward H. Bennett, Jr
530 North Green Bay Road
Lake Forest
Illinois 60045, U.S.A.

21st April 1988

Dear Kay,

Because of the passage of time the box maker in Yorkshire has bought in a quantity of the enclosed which was the original suggestion for the India Love Poems boxes.

He had, unfortunately, already stripped back a number of boxes made for the insertion of ribbon (now not needed) and this is his present stock. Can you confirm that it is acceptable, if so he will proceed. If not, we will dispose of the cloth and will try to make up the quantities with another Arbelave - one that we looked at was 572 on the enclosed card. The larger sample is the nearest we can get to 571 or 537. Could you return the card to me with your comments?

I have brought up to Endell Street one copy of each Lyrebird book in each available edition. Do you have views on present day prices?

What happened to these?

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Ridley Burnett.

The Covent Garden Manufactory Ltd.,
27-29 Endell Street, London WC2H 9BA Tel: 01-210 1069
Registered Office, Wainford Court, Throgmorton St, EC2N 2AT
Reg. in England No.1312468. VAT No. 242796245

MRS. EDWARD H. BENNETT, JR.
530 NORTH GREEN BAY ROAD
LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS 60045

3 *initials*
4 September, 1988

R.M. Burnett
Nottingham Court Press
The Endell Street Place
27-29 Endell Street
London WC2H 9BA

Dear Ridley,

I am sorry that you have had to wait this long for a response to your letters of March 25th and April 21st. Had we not been away, you would have had an answer well before now.

I like the colour of the larger sample of cloth that you sent; it is very close to #571 and #537, although I prefer the finish on the Arbelave, simply because it would seem to be more resistant to soil. Let's settle, however, on this cloth (sample enclosed along with the Arbelave card). None of the three Arbelaves that are available seem suitable. They don't key in well with the colours of the spine of the book. So let's hope that the box maker, after all this delay, can proceed with dispatch to finish the cases before other problems develop.

What are your thoughts about a price for India Love Poems? I had once hoped to bump the price up to about 1,000 pounds, but realize that, even taking inflation into account, this might be a bit steep. Should we make the price 650 pounds? Or 750 pounds? For something of this sort, isn't the normal commission around 25%? Or am I wrong? Please advise. I'm eager to work out an arrangement that is fair and acceptable to both of us, but I need help, as I don't know what is appropriate.

As to the Lyrebird Press books, you are hereby appointed official distributor. No one else that I know of carries the titles, and certainly not with Tambi's daughter's and my permission. Again I need your help with pricing and a commission structure. What do you think would be appropriate? I would like to have the books listed in Books in Print, and it would be helpful if their availability could be circulated to your book customers, mentioning them, as you suggest, as "the few remaining copies available" and treating them almost as collectors' items, which one could say they already are. I will also count on your arranging for the inspection and rewrapping of the Lyrebird stock and would indeed expect there to be a separate charge for this.

With my best wishes,

Sincerely,



Nottingham Court Press at



Mrs. Edward H. Bennett, Jr
530 North Green Bay Road
Lake Forest
Illinois 60045, U.S.A.

30th June 1988

Dear Kay,

Thank you for your letter of unusual date!

I have one copy of all the Lyrebird material from the warehouse and am now going to try and price it more accurately in terms of contemporary values. As an initial effort we will put them on display in our shop at Endell Street and we will also put an announcement in 'The Bookseller' that we are now distributors and all enquiries should be addressed to us.

As to the cases for India Love Poems we will stick with the brown cloth and I have asked the case maker to get on with it.

Allowing for inflation, rarity and everything else, I still find it very difficult to reach a price for the retail of India Love Poems. We have talked about £995 but in your letter you suggest £650 or £750. I think we should go for £700 (the compromise that will probably suit nobody) and we would normally expect 25% commission on this. This price would translate at present exchange at about \$1,200. If you feel there is some psychological advantage in having the U.S. price of less than \$1,000, this would give a sterling price of about £570. Perhaps we could have your thoughts on this.

Question: Did he finish them up or if so, where are they it presents?

Thank you for your cheque towards insurance etc.

I shall be away for about a week but will be activating Lyrebird on my return.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Ridley
Ridley Burnett.

Nottingham Court Press at



Mrs. Edward H. Bennett, Jr
530 North Green Bay Road
Lake Forest
Illinois 60045, U.S.A.

18th July 1988

Dear Kay,

Further to my call, please do not be in the least 'phased' by the fact that my request was untimely - these things happen in the best regulated houses.

about my investing money in his company

In the meantime I enclose a xerox of the brief catalogue notes you provided for Lyrebird and have appended on the left the number of what appear to be saleable copies.

However, there will be copies within these totals which were far from perfect, but I do not think this matters particularly where there are small quantities available, as I am sure that by now many of them could be regarded as collectable items.

There are, in addition, the following quantities of books which you do not wish us to sell -

| | |
|--------------------|----|
| Festchrift for KFB | 23 |
| Marian Moore | 1 |
| Katherine Bennett | 22 |
| Twink | 2 |
| Bin Ends | 1 |

I have been looking at the pricing of the saleable books. Given inflation, rarity, reputation etc., I think that some books should multiply more than others and the present pricing looks very slim indeed. I think that what we will do is make up an information sheet based on the xerox enclosed, adding new prices which I think should be a minimum of three times (and in some cases four times) the original. This may not apply, I suppose, to those books that are in good supply - The Way of Life, The Jesse Tree, Watermark etc. but on the rarer items it may be worth approaching specialist dealers and selling the edition as one lot.

Can we get more?

I think we should also add to the information sheet some sort of brief history of Lyrebird. I have looked at the little catalogue you sent me and I am not sure that it really does the job (Lyrebird Press, a new imprint) as it has no background to the rationale or personalities involved. Do you think that you could produce such a piece or can you provide one that has already been written by somebody else? I would have thought that a few hundred words would suffice. We will then mail out the list to bookshops, journals etc. and we could even include it in our next mailing to all customers (not before September) with new prices and with an indication of those titles which are in very short supply.

2.

As to Indian Love Poems, I think we should stick at about £700.

The flattering but inconvenient rumour that you are an oil heiress did not start here as you know and I will certainly correct anybody who, in mentioning your name is under the misapprehension that you are the person to whom all begging letters should be sent!

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Ridley'.

Ridley Burnett.

2

LYREBIRD PRESS BOOKS

- 242 C 2.50 Exile's End by Gary Livingston
Written over a seven year period, this is the almost unbearably moving account of the author's slow progression through drugs to despair, his near fatal shooting of his parents and his rehabilitation through the nightmare therapy of an institution for the criminally insane.
- 331 C 3.25 Hidden World of Erotica by R.E.L. Masters
An examination of currently forbidden sexual practices and the morality and laws governing them.
- 190 C 2.50 The Crack in the Cosmic Egg by Joseph Chilton Pearce
An exciting personal voyage of discovery, essential for those who are seeking expanded means of creative living.
- 371 C 2.50 Fundamentals of Yoga by Rammurti S. Mishra M.D.
The most practical, authoritative and understandable book ever published on the science of Yoga, presenting working methods and exercises for the achievement of spiritual awareness and improved health.
- 15 C 2.25 Notes To Myself by Hugh Prather
1 P 1.25 Cogent and incisive short paragraphs of penetrating wisdom, quiet humor and engaging honesty, which have become guideposts for interior exploration.
- 3 C 2.00 Poems From Bangla Desh translated from the Bengali by Pritish
34 P 1.25 Nandy, selected by Tambimuttu, illustrated by Feliks Topolski. An anthology of the work of thirty-five poets, representing the main trends in contemporary literature in Bangla Desh.
- 936 C 2.00 The Way of Life (according to Lao Tzu) translated by Witter
648 P 1.25 Bynner, illustrated by Frank Wren.
Many have attempted to bring the reflections of Lao Tzu to the Western world, but the version of the American poet, Witter Bynner, is unique in that he brings his poetic understanding to each philosophical insight. Bynner has admirably captured the simple dignity of Lao Tzu's language and the profound quality of his thought.
- 426 C 1.75 The Jesse Tree by Anne Ridler. With drawings by John Piper
522 P 1.00 A masque in verse, which explores the mystery of creation and the coming of evil, using the symbolism of the Tree as it is found in Norse and Christian myth. The masque, with music by Elizabeth Maconchy, was commissioned for performance in Dorchester Abbey, where there is a famous Jesse Tree window.
- 157 P 1.00 Festschrift for KFB edited by Tambimuttu
A birthday book compiled by the editor to honour his partner in the Lyrebird Press and to celebrate it as a rebirth of Editions Poetry London, which flourished in the Forties.
- 75 C 1.50 Watermarks by Benoy Chakraborty. Illustrations by Frank Connelly
649 P 70p A collection of poetic prose that simultaneously laments and exalts the passage of love, raising emotion to a level almost beyond verbal expression to a universality in which words become stepping stones to a truth that touches all of us.



SYNERGETIC PRESS

PRESS RELEASE

01-242-7367

contact: Tango Parrish Snyder

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

SYNERGETIC PRESS ANNOUNCES THE APPOINTMENT OF NEW MANAGING DIRECTOR

Synergetic Press announces a revitalization in the company management with the appointment of Ms. Tango Parrish Snyder as Managing Director. Synergetic Press specializes in new works of interest in Theater, Architecture, and Ecological Science, publishing works like the Caravan of Dreams Theater Plays, John Michell and E.J. Eitel's Feng Shui, The Institute of Ecotechnics' Man, Earth, and the Challenges, and artist Corinna MacNeice's new style Comics. The Press also distributes the legendary Tambimuttu's Poetry London/Apple Magazine.

Ms. Parrish Snyder holds a degree in economics from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, U.S.A. She has had a family association with publishing all her life (her father is currently Director of International Marketing at Pergamon Press).

The new management of Synergetic Press expect to establish a publishing programme to provide the type of unique works not usually available from traditional publishing outlets. The Press welcomes manuscripts in the areas of Architecture, Drama, Ecological Science, and Exploration. For details of trade terms and distribution rights contact the Sales Department at 24 Old Gloucester Street, London W.C.1.

-ENDS-

This was given to us when we were in London in March 1984. At that point Tango must have already gotten word out that she was the distributor for LB books.

I remember her showing me an order from Blackwells Bookstore in Oxford for 12 copies of Poems from Bangladesh but she never passed it on to us, so or perhaps she has filed the order. Jane might know.

This was part of Alan's catalogue put out in 1984

ALAN SMITH

15 Oakland Avenue, Dialstone Lane
Stockport, Cheshire SK2 6AX, England

TELEPHONE : 061-483 2547

The code-name for this catalogue is **WINSTON**

Unless otherwise indicated, all the books are first editions published in (Greater) London. Books are in dw (dust-wrapper - occasionally called jacket, for variety) only when stated.

The ranking order of condition is:

Good - reasonable second-hand condition

Nice - better than Good, but falls short of Fine

Fine - particularly fresh, clean and sound

Unless qualified, the dw can be assumed to be in the same condition as the book.

Any book found to be not as described may be returned (within 10 days of receipt) at my expense.

Prices are nett for cash on receipt. Postage is extra. Overseas trade and institutional orders will be despatched 'surface', unless otherwise requested. For other Overseas despatches, I would usually give first consideration to the 'Air Parcel' service, unless otherwise requested.

Customers wishing to pay in currencies other than 'pounds sterling' are kindly advised that my bank is a non-charitable organisation, and a modest contribution towards conversion charges would be gratefully received.

It gives me a great deal of satisfaction to find a book that somebody actually wants. Please let me have your wants lists - even if you must call them 'desiderata'. Quotations on such a basis are, of course, without obligation.

The cover for this catalogue was designed by Corinna MacNeice



MEARY JAMES THURAIRAJAH TAMBIMUTTU ('TAMBI')

1915 - 1983

THE FIRST ENGLISH PERIOD

Tambi came to England in 1938 and founded the magazine "Poetry London". From 1943 to 1947, Nicholson & Watson supported a subsidiary imprint 'Editions Poetry London' - known as PL. The venture was then backed by Richard March, and two off-shoots were created - 'William Campion' and 'Mandeville Books'. Tambi returned to Ceylon in 1949, but the imprint was sustained until 1951.

151. **Tambimuttu (ed)** Poetry London No 3

Nov, 1940. Wrappers. Lower corner bumped, covers slightly marked. But a nice copy of one of the scarce early issues. Contributors include Lawrence Durrell, David Gascoyne and Kathleen Raine.

The cover design includes a very early drawing by Lucien Freud - the first appearance of the 'lyrebird' motif (Tambi's life-long 'trademark').

£15.00

152. **Kathleen Raine** Stone and flower

Editions Poetry London, 1943. The author's first book, and the first book to be published by the new PL imprint. Drawings by Barbara Hepworth. Bookplate. Apart from some (almost imperceptible) scuff-marks on the covers, a fine bright copy.

£22.00

153. **Anne Ridler** Cain : a play

PL, 1943. Inscription, else a nice copy in the scarce dw.

£20.00

154. **Nicholas Moore** The glass tower

PL, 1944. With drawings by Lucien Freud. Cloth spine, paper-covered boards decorated by Freud. Spine slightly rubbed and minor foxing. At an early date, the dw was preserved by being sandwiched between transparent film and thin card. A nice copy in dw.

£35.00

155. **Lawrence Durrell** Cefalu

PL, 1948. Subsequently reprinted as "The dark labyrinth". Edges browned, but a nice copy in a frayed dw, missing several small pieces.

£35.00

✓ 156. **Tambimuttu** Natarajah

PL, 1948. PL Pamphlet No 6. "A poem for Mr T S Eliot's sixtieth birthday". Wrappers. Slight foxing. Covers a trifle marked, but a nice copy.

One of the rare unsigned copies!

£12.00

157. **James Reeves** The imprisoned sea

PL, 1949. A fine copy in dw.

£16.00

158. **Wyndham Lewis** America and cosmic man

Nicholson & Watson, 1948. A nice copy in dw.

Originally scheduled for publication by PL, but Lewis could not agree terms, and the book stayed with Nicholson & Watson after Tambi's departure.

£32.00

THE FIRST ENGLISH PERIOD

159. **Ilias Venezis** Aeolia

William Campion, 1949. With a preface by Lawrence Durrell. A nice copy in a slightly frayed and marked dw.

£18.00

160. **John Waller and G S Fraser (eds)** The collected poems of Keith Douglas

PL, 1951. Top corner of pages bumped and edges marked. Covers slightly marked and rubbed. Not quite a good copy.

Tambi dallied over the editing of these poems, and in the end a controversial text was cobbled together by the stop-gap editors.

£15.00

THE AMERICAN PERIOD

Tambi eventually settled in New York, and during the 1950's some magazines, books - and records - were produced under the imprint "Poetry London - New York".

161. **Tambimuttu (ed)** Poetry London - New York No 3

PLNY, New York, 1956. Wrappers slightly marked, else a nice copy.

Contributions from Lawrence Durrell, Theodore Roethke, etc.

£10.00

✓ 162. **Tambimuttu (ed)** India love poems

Peter Pauper Press, New York, 1954. Poems selected (and, in some cases, translated) by Tambi, and he also contributes an essay 'Woman in India'. Drawings by Jeff Hill. A fine copy in a slightly rubbed slip-case.

There was a later, cheaper edition (with different illustrations) from the same publisher.

£18.00

THE SECOND ENGLISH PERIOD

Tambi came back to London in 1968 and started "The Lyrebird Press". In 1979, the first of two final numbers of the magazine was issued. The final PL publication - "Nadopasana One" - was to be the first step in his intended promotion of Indian culture in the U.K. and U.S.

163. **Tambimuttu (ed)** Poetry London / Apple Magazine : No 1

PL, 1969. Cover design and centre-spread by Graham Sutherland. The usual star-studded cast of contributors, together with a disc of a 'reading' by Allan Ginsberg. Printed cloth-covered boards. A fine copy of the limited edition (150 copies) signed by Tambimuttu and Graham Sutherland.

£30.00

164. **M Varadarajan (ed)** Nadopasana One

PL, 1983. Subtitled 'an approach to Indian art and criticism'. Wrappers. Contains a disc of a concert by Dr L. Subramaniam.

New copies.

£3.95

I wonder if Alan would still have a copy of "Natarajah". Worth asking about, I'd say.

the one I found for you.



Peter Owen Ltd : Publishers

73 Kenway Road
London SW5 0RE

01-373 5628
01-370 6093

Mrs K. Bennett
530 North Green Bay Road
Lake Forest
Illinois 60045
U.S.A.

Date 19 May 88

Dear Mrs Bennett,

We are publishing a book on Tambimuttu. Please see page 11 of the enclosed list. I thought I would alert you as you may want to buy copies or be involved in some way. Included in the book is FESTSCHRIFT FOR KFB entitled "For Katharine (Kamala) Bennett and All True Sadhakas".

Many famous people have contributed as you will see. There will also be important illustrations taken from the Poetry London publications, with paintings and drawings.

If there is any other information you require, please let me know. We expect to publish the book this Fall.

Yours sincerely,

P Peter Owen

Peter Owen

*I would like to eventually
(maybe now) order six copies.*

Registered in England No 494915

Registered office: Palladium House, 1-4 Argyll St., London W1V 1AD

Directors: PL Owen B Musgrave

from the 1988 Peter Owen catalogue

Evidently the title of the "Festschrift," not the biography

10

Non-Fiction

JANE WILLIAMS and ROBIN WATERFIELD (Editors)

Tambimuttu
Bridge between Two Worlds

Chronicles the life and times of Tambimuttu, from his childhood in Sri Lanka to his death in 1983. Himself a writer, Tambimuttu founded *Poetry London*, which was to exercise a decisive influence upon the London literary scene in wartime, drawing all the important poets of the day and encouraging the talents of others. In America after the war Tambimuttu published *Poetry London/New York* and mixed in circles that included Allen Ginsberg, Timothy Leary, Otto Preminger and Andy Warhol, as well as the oil heiress Katharine Falley Bennett.

This volume includes a glittering array of contributors, among whom are George Barker, Lawrence Durrell, Richard Eberhart, David Gascoyne, Bryan Guinness, Michael Hamburger, John Lehmann, Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, Iris Murdoch, Kathleen Raine, Jeremy Reed and Elizabeth Smart. As well as photographs, it also contains paintings, drawings and sketches by Barbara Hepworth, Henry Moore, John Piper, Graham Sutherland and Feliks Topolski, some of which have not previously been reproduced.

ISBN 0 7206 0718 3

234 x 156 mm 224 pp illustrated
cased £18.95 September



Non-Fiction

11

THOMAS BLACKBURN

The Adjacent Kingdom

Last Poems

Edited and with an Introduction by Jean MacVean, Foreword by Kathleen Raine

Thomas Blackburn was one of the most distinguished poets of his generation. Twelve volumes of his poems have already been published since his first collection in 1951. The work in the present volume was written during the last few years before his death in 1977, and many of the poems have not previously been published. They appear in roughly chronological sequence, starting with reflections on Blackburn's breakdown in the early seventies and subsequent time in hospital. These events appeared to clarify his mind for his later visionary experience, which profoundly affected the rest of his life, during which the poet believed he made the crossing from life to death, a state of brilliant colour and intensity.

'More than another volume of good poems - it bears witness to the deep mystery of life.' - Kathleen Raine

ISBN 0 7206 0707 8

216 x 138 mm 96 pp
paper £5.95 May

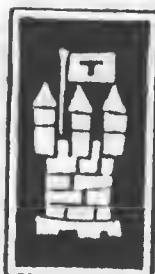
I love this photograph. Could you possibly find copies for both of us?

5th p. 4

Bernard Stone if he's still around,
would be able to tell you how to
reach Alan Smith & whether he is still

Bernard Stone

at the Stockport, Cheshire address I'm
sending you.



TURRET BOOKS

THE STEAM PRESS

THE PEBBLE PRESS

The Turret Book Shop

42 Lamb's Conduit Street, London WC1N 3LJ

Telephone: 01-405 6058

A Catalogue of
New and Second-hand Books

No. 3 Spring 1985

over

This was sent to me by our friend
Laurie Gluck, whom you met with me
at the Tambi evening in London in March '84

MR TONY DICKINS ^{Times 25 Nov 87}

Mr Anthony Dickins, writer and musician and a founder of *Poetry London*, the magazine which helped to keep poetry alive, and talked about, during the war, died on November 26 at the age of 73.

He was a link with the pre-war world of what that flamboyant man of letters, J.T. Tambimuttu - "Tambi" - called "Fitzrovia": a fringe area of Bloomsbury, centred on the Fitzroy Tavern but ranging over a number of drinking places where people met to put the literary world to rights. *Poetry London* was the result of a meeting over dinner at Buhler's restaurant attended by Tambimuttu (who became its editor), Dickins and Dylan Thomas.

Mr Alan Ross writes:

Tony Dickins was active in various fields but is probably best known as the co-founder of *Poetry London*. A talented pianist and organist, who before the war performed with the Ceylonese cellist Rohan de

Saram, he devoted himself in later years to chess, about which he wrote several books.

After Stowe, where he became a close friend of Gavin Maxwell, and Cambridge, he went to India as secretary to the Maharajah of Bharnagar, a post which, in the tradition of Forster and Ackerley, suited him down to the ground. He published one of the best, if not the best, translations of the original and authentic text of Omar Khayyam's famous verse in the *London Magazine*, and took a scholarly interest in a wide variety of subjects.

His war service, spent mainly abroad and from which he emerged with the rank of major, interrupted his career as a musician and subsequently he often found it hard to make ends meet. He was, nevertheless, immensely cheerful in adversity, as he was also right to the end of a long and painful illness.

Ed. for
The London Magazine
& old friend of Tambi's.

Question for Mr. Goldman at Leonard Curtis (receiving)

How can Ridley Burnett be reached? Does he have a home phone no.?

I will answer his letter tomorrow (4/20/89)

Question for Peter Owen

Ask him about an attorney who could advise you about powers that you as beneficiary have & powers of attorney executor.

1979-18-393

197

Questions for Ridley~~What settle to you~~ published with Ridley

Were the ILP cases ever finished? Where are they
 Were the ^{ILP} books put in their cases & rearranged as
 mentioned in KFB letter of 3/5/88?

Were the Lynchard Press books unmapped & examined,
^{or damaged} bad ones culled out & satisfactorily ones remapped
 & recounted?

Where are Lynchard books that were brought up
 to Endell St. Place. And copy or copies of ILP?

R.M. BURNETT 444 8829 13 FINS AVE, N.C. 3LY

~~461 1.511 26 FINS ROAD S.E. 25T~~

Questions for Casemaker (Messrs Woolnough)

Were the ILP cases finished & delivered to
 Messrs. Huddle Doyle & Meadows warehouse?

And were they paid for by R.M. Burnett? (Since
 I paid Ridley for them, there should be no money
 owing)

Questions for Messrs H D & M warehouse

Would they be willing to continue storage & insurance
 for Lynchard books & ILP at what fee? f50/annum?
 Could we have a stock count after books have
 been either examined & remapped (LB books)
 or counted ^(ILP books) with ^{ILP} numbered books listed (each book
 is numbered & signed by Tanki & J. P. in), remapped
 in their cases individually, & marked by number on
the mapping (very important!)

LEAVE FROM LIVERPOOL STREET STATION GO TO ELSONHAM (CAMBRIDGE)
 CROSS TRACK (2 BLUE GATES) LINE

- ✓ → Have Kay send Mr. Markam list of queries to Ridley by May 4 when he will be meeting with him.
- Send Bernard Stone copy of Lyrebird Pres Books list. He's interested in carrying **books**.
 - Michael Levine, at Peter Owen publishing the book. Talked to him. Peter out of country. Told him you want to order 6 copies and about "orphan's" deal.
 - Mr Meadows will store books at 2 lbs. per pallet per week. 2 pallets ~~there~~ 4 lbs. per week or 16 lbs per month.
 - **ASSEMBLERS** are:

Smith + Settle (0943-467-958)
 OTLEY MILLS, ~~OTLEY~~ ROAD, OTLEY,
 Brian Settle, WEST YORKSHIRE
- No invoice has been issued to them. → They'll want more money. Ridley is ashamed.
- ^{Lyrebird} ~~Stock~~ is still at Endell Street Place. Is set aside.

MRS. EDWARD H. BENNETT, JR.
530 NORTH GREEN BAY ROAD
LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS 60045

11 May, 1989

Messrs. Hoddle Doyle & Meadows Ltd,
Old Mead Road
Elsenham,
Bishop's Stortford, Herts.

Attention: Mr. Meadows

Dear Sir,

Following the telephone conversation that my partner, Shakuntala Tambimuttu, had with you the week before last, we wish to confirm the fact that we would like to arrange for the ongoing storage and insurance of our Lyrebird Press books and the 110 or so copies of a large-format book entitled India Love Poems, which are presently in your warehouse. I understand that the books are contained on two palettes and that the overall charge is two Pounds per palette per week. Can you advise us as to the type and extent of the insurance coverage and the physical aspects of your warehouse such as temperature and humidity control that would affect the storage environment and ultimately the condition of the books themselves?

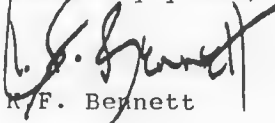
We also would like to request an up-to-date count of our books. In the case of India Love Poems, each copy of which is numbered, we would appreciate knowing if the numbers of each copy ~~of each volume~~ are indicated on the outside wrapping. Even more importantly, we need an accurate count, which we have never received from Mr. Burnett, of the copies of this book which are presently in your warehouse. I hope and trust that you can provide this.

It is also important to us to confirm the count of the Lyrebird Press books that are at present in storage with you, since we will attempt to sell off the stock in the near future and need an accurate count to accomplish this. If a separate charge for making the count is necessary, we would of course pay it. In the one previous count that I've seen, dating from July 1985, two separate titles are listed for what is most probably the same book: KFB (P & C) and Katharine Bennett. Can you confirm this? The title is actually Festschrift for KFB.

Please advise us as to how you would prefer to bill us, whether monthly, quarterly or otherwise. We can make payment in pounds. If there are any other matters that we should be settling with you, I trust you will let us know.

Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely yours,


R.F. Bennett

MRS. EDWARD H. BENNETT, JR.
530 NORTH GREEN BAY ROAD
LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS 60045

11 May, 1989

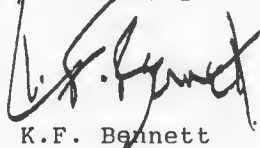
Mr. Brian Settle
Smith & Settle
Otley Mills,
Ilkley Road,
Otley, West Yorkshire

Dear Mr. Settle,

I am writing to you to determine what, if any, payment might have been sent to you by Ridley Burnett of Covent Garden Manufactory and Nottingham Court Press for slipcases, which I had understood that he ordered from you on my behalf for a book entitled India Love Poems. I was told by Mr. Burnett that a price of 14.05 Pounds per case had been agreed upon and that 120 cases had been ordered. Accordingly payment in full of 1686 Pounds was made to Mr. Burnett at his request by me on 25 July, 1986. It now appears that the order for the cases was never invoiced, although I was informed by Mr. Burnett that the cases were in production and some of them even completed. It further appears that the payment I sent to Mr. Burnett for the cases was never passed on to you. Can you confirm this and let me know what happened to the materials, for instance, that were supposedly bought in for the job? Were any cases at all completed? Do any remain in a partial state of completion? There was also the matter of ribbons for the cases vs. no ribbons.

I would appreciate hearing from you with any suggestions you might have for resolving this unfortunate state of affairs. My inclination right now is to give up on the cases altogether and settle for a case-less book. I don't feel entirely comfortable dealing with this problem at such a great distance.

Sincerely yours,



K.F. Bennett

MRS. EDWARD H. BENNETT, JR.
530 NORTH GREEN BAY ROAD
LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS 60045

11 May, 1989

Bernard Stone
The Turret Bookshop
42 Lamb's Conduit Street
London WC1N 3LJ

Dear Bernard,

I was delighted to hear that Tambi's daughter was able to reach you on the telephone while she was in London and to hear also that you might be interested in taking over all or a good part of our remaining Lyrebird Press stock.

We are eager to sell off the entire lot, preferably to one buyer, and we would be able to furnish you with an accurate count of the various titles as soon as one can be sent to us by our warehouse. I have written to them today, requesting this information. I am also considering the selling of some copies of India Love Poems in the beautiful hand-made edition, which I think you have seen and which is numbered and signed by both Tambi and John Piper.

Would you let me know whether or not you might be interested in these possibilities?

I hope you are well and thriving. It seems such a long time since we last met.

With my very best wishes,

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'Ray Bennett', written over a vertical line.

Ray Bennett

MRS. EDWARD H. BENNETT, JR
530 NORTH GREEN BAY ROAD
LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS 60045

A bit too strong, I'm
afraid - esp. the last
sentence & it has
already gone off in the
mail. OK dear!! I should
have waited a day or
two.

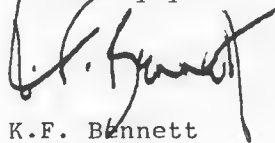
Mr. Peter Owen
Peter Owen Ltd: Publishers
73 Kenway Road
London SW5 ORE

Dear Mr. Owen,

I have let your letter of 19 May 1988 go unanswered for much too long, and now I understand that the book honouring Tambimuttu will soon go to press and will most probably be published in the Fall of this year. I would appreciate your reserving six copies for me when they are finally available.

I was told that Tambi's daughter spoke on the telephone with Michael Levine the week before last while she was in London, conveying to him my dismay over being mentioned in your 1988 catalogue as "the oil heiress Katharine Falley Bennett". Tambi would have roared with rage over such a simple-minded falsification. So I hope and trust that this noble work can be produced without such an inaccuracy on the dust jacket or anywhere within the text of the book. It would create numerous unfortunate problems for me, besides lending the book itself an unpleasantly cheap and sensational tone, one quite unfitted to the purpose of the whole lovingly conceived effort.

Sincerely yours,



K.F. Bennett

Nottingham Court Press

44 Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3PA

(Directly opposite the British Museum and Library)

Tel: 01-637 2156

Publishers of fine, limited and specialist editions

Mrs. Edward H. Bennett, Jr
530 North Green Bay Road
LaKe Forest
Illinois 60045, U.S.A.

24th July 1986

Dear Kay,

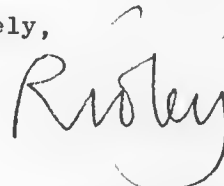
We are now proceeding to make slipcases for India Love Poems. We already have one in the office and as the theme of the Frankfurt Book Fair this year is "India", I am writing to ask if you would allow us to take a copy to the Frankfurt Book Fair where we will have a stand in the first week in October. By good fortune the stand is only a few yards from the India Exhibition and it may be that we will find some interested parties.

If you would like us to do this then I think you should let us know your idea of a full retail price. There may also be those who want to buy at trade and I would suggest that a 20-25% discount off your full price would be reasonable.

I mentioned to you our plans for a retail outlet for fine crafts and books in Covent Garden. This is now one or two steps nearer to reality and we should open in the winter. When we do so we would like to carry a copy of the book on display. Would you be prepared to pay us a small commission on each sale, or would you rather that all orders were referred to you direct? If the former then we would have to charge delivery to customers and it would be useful to have your views on this. When we sold the book (prior to our arrangement with you) we were selling at £3.10 with £1.0 UK delivery charge and £2.0 for delivery overseas.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,



Ridley Burnett.

Nottingham Court Press Ltd

Sardinia House, Sardinia Street, London WC2 3LZ. Registered in England No. 1312468

Nottingham Court Press

44 Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3PA
(Directly opposite the British Museum and Library)
Tel: 01-637 2156

Publishers of fine, limited and specialist editions

Mrs. Edward H. Bennett, Jr
530 North Green Bay Road
Lake Forest
Illinois 60045, U.S.A.

30th June 1986

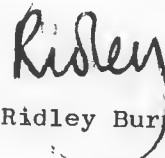
Dear Kay,

Just to acknowledge and thank you for your cheque of 25th June. It was kind of you to act so promptly under the circumstances and I hope that the new regime will help.

We will ^{not} be mailing again until the Autumn and if you manage to get a list together for Lyrebird then we will happily append it.

With very best wishes,

Yours sincerely,


Ridley Burnett.

Nottingham Court Press Ltd
Sardinia House, Sardinia Street, London WC2 3LZ. Registered in England No. 1312468

R. M. Burnett, O. J. Diggle, D. G. C. Inglefield, R. J. Nagle, M. Sydney

What do you make
of all this? I will
separately answer his letter but
very discreetly. He is
obviously fed up with
Jane & prepared to make
trouble for her which
would only complicate
things further!



c's Map,
n

Dear Mrs. Kay Bennett,

First, by way of brief introduction - I met you in March 1984 at the Memorial Concert for Tambimuttu, and later at your hotel, 'The Presidents' ;

I have been trying to get in touch with you rather urgently and had confidently believed that the hotel would forward my letter, but only to learn that their addresses of past residents does not stretch that far ; this explains the card under separate cover and the two dates on it.

The answer I had sought on the major issue has, though, in the mean time been provided, together with your address, by Shakuntala who, as chance and good fortune would have it, was in London last week.

The fortunes of Tambimuttu's Indian Arts Council, in my view, has been a sorry one. His IAC is dead. This would be sad enough. But worse, the IAC as an institution survives but only to serve the interests of outsiders who have got hold of it. The behaviour of J.F.Williams has been such that I had seriously doubted whether she is indeed Tambimuttu's Literary Executor as she had led me to believe when she called on me after the sad death of Tambi with a view to reconvening the Committee of the IAC elected at the founding conference convened by Tambimuttu.

I had been told by J.F.Williams - ~~for~~ the wake of events leading to the demise of his creation as well - that you too stood in some legal relation to Tambimuttu, and thought that perhaps you could shed some light on the true legal position of Williams. However, I now learn from Shakuntala that Williams is indeed the Literary Executor.

But I may nevertheless decide to ask through my Solicitor that she satisfy me that she is what she had told me she was. I have had to take legal action both to defend my position on the IAC and -as I see it- secure the integrity of Tambimuttu's legacy in the form of the IAC.

The second point which I had thought that I might broach is based on what I recall J.F.Williams telling me : that you had more than once asked her who Balraj Khana was, the person who was Chairman of the IAC then (and perhaps still is). My assent to his being Chairman was sought by J.F.Williams and Khanna : I now deeply regret having given my approval (I hadn't then realised all that is involved in assuming the Chairmanship, the authority that this office does confer - once the body is registered in law). I had, in the light of the events which led to the present parlous position of the IAC wondered whether you were more penetrating than I who had taken him at his face value.

I do not know whether you would wish to comment on this, the two points which I have stated here and which I had intended writing to you about before I was able to speak to Shakuntala last week.

Please do not feel obliged to do so. You may decline to do so and I will understand. Though, at the same time, I feel that it would help in clarifying my mind.

If I may elaborate a point about the Will in Williams' hand : I had been given to understand by legal opinion that the only function of a Literary Executor is to look after an author's copyright. I did not think that it gave any rights whatsoever over the author's literary estate ie his books, papers, paintings etc. I mention this because it is pertinent now in respect of one item in the Estate : a book which I had lent Tambimuttu and which I have so far been unsuccessful in having returned to me (this work is out of print and I have no way of establishing that it belongs to me - and I need it for my work).

I learn from Shakuntala that books published by the Lyrebird Press are in store in London. I would be interested in purchasing 1 copy of each of them. If you could let me have a list I would be thankful.

The publications sent under separate cover may interest you. I would be interested in your comments.

Yours sincerely,

A. Paraman

2.5.89

MRS. EDWARD H. BENNETT, JR.
530 NORTH GREEN BAY ROAD
LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS 60045

25 June, 1986

R.M. Burnett
Nottingham Court Press
44 Great Russell St.
London WC1B

Dear Ridley,

Since we just spoke on the telephone, I won't attempt to write a real letter, but will simply send the check for L1686 (120 boxes at L14.05 each) plus L200 for moving, insurance & storage of Lyrebird stock: total L1886. The rate the bank gave me this morning is \$1.58 to the pound. To cover costs of conversion at your end and to allow for possible further fluctuation upwards, I am writing a check for \$3018. (\$1.60 to the pound) instead of \$2980. I hope this will be satisfactory. If for some reason your costs are higher, please let me know.

More very soon. And thank you for all your help.

With best wishes,



KATHARINE F. BENNETT

No 1

25 June 1986
\$ 3018.

PAY TO THE ORDER OF

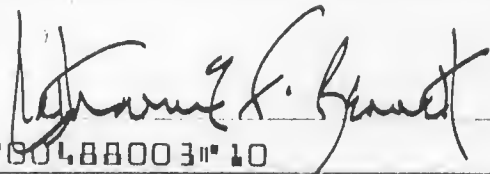
R.M. Burnett

First National Bank of Lake Forest



Deerpath & Bank Lane Lake Forest, Illinois

Memo



⑈000106⑈ ⑆071904889⑆ ⑈90488003⑈10

Nottingham Court Press

44 Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3PA

(Directly opposite the British Museum and Library)

Tel: 01-637 2156

Publishers of fine, limited and specialist editions

Mrs. Edward H. Bennett, Jr
530 North Green Bay Road
Lake Forest
Illinois 60045, U.S.A.

19th May 1986

Dear Kay,

I wonder if my letter of the 11th March ever reached you. As it was in response to a letter of yours which had taken six weeks to get to us for some reason, it would be a sad comment if the whole lot had disappeared!

To summarize briefly. We intend to make boxes using Colour No. 37 and it would be useful to have a cheque to cover manufacture as we bought in materials awhile ago. We are making 120 boxes at £14.05 each, total £1686. There are 115 signed books and *therefore*, this allows for spares and damage. Joan has transcribed the order book and I enclose a copy. There are not 200 completeable books. There are 45 that we do not think will make complete sets of sheets (unsigned). Do you want them if we can make them? We have got one good sandalwood case in London.

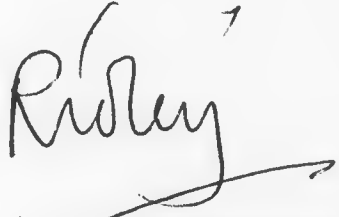
The High Commission are useless. Lyrebird stock is as the list sent. Could you contribute say, £200 for the cost of moving and insurance and storage?

We planned to mail in April but will now have to mail end of May early June; but if we are to mail Lyrebird we do need catalogue information and current prices. Is anybody else still promoting the stock?

We are horribly busy and I hope this letter reaches you in reasonable time.

Best wishes,

Yours sincerely,


Ridley Burnett.

Nottingham Court Press Ltd
Sardinia House, Sardinia Street, London WC2 3LZ. Registered in England No. 1312468

R. M. Burnett O. I. Dingle D. G. C. Inglefield R. I. Nield M. Sydney

MRS. EDWARD H. BENNETT, JR.
530 NORTH GREEN BAY ROAD
LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS 60045

2 May, 1989

Mr. Morkam
c/o K.D. Goodman, FCA
Leonard Curtis & Co.
PO Box 553
30 Eastbourne Terrace
London W2 6LF
Fax: 01-723 6059

Transmitted by FAX

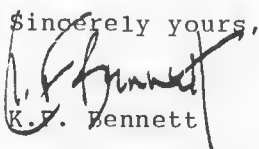
Dear Sir,

I am sorry to hear that Covent Garden Manufactory has been placed in receivership, and I am anxious to make arrangements with the warehouse in which our books are stored for their further storage and care. I will write to Messrs. Hoddle Doyle & Meadows Ltd about this matter. Thank you for sending me their address as well as that of Messrs. Woolnough Fine Binding. Can you ask Ridley Burnett, when you see him this week, if they have materials belonging to us that we are unaware of or that Mr. Burnett may not have told me about?

Regarding our account with Covent Garden Manufactory Ltd, there is the matter of 120 slipcases, which we ordered made for a very large handmade book, entitled India Love Poems, and for which payment was made to Mr. Burnett in the amount of 1686 Pounds on 25 June, 1986. These cases were evidently never invoiced (ordered) by Mr. Burnett from the casemaker, Mr. Brian Settle*, whose name we didn't have and with whom we were not directly in touch. The cheque that we sent in payment was apparently used without our knowledge for some other purpose, while we were led to believe that the production of the cases was underway (See enclosed correspondence). We would appreciate hearing from you as to what arrangements can be made for the repayment of this account.

As far as we can determine, Mr. Burnett took out of storage one copy of each of our remaining Lyrebird Press titles to be used for display at The Endell Street Place and at least one copy of India Love Poems. Since the latter book is now valued at between 700 and 1,000 Pounds a copy, we would expect that the copy or copies that are in Mr. Burnett's possession would be returned to us. We will arrange to have the books collected whenever they can be made available.

Thank you for your assistance with these matters.

Sincerely yours,

K.F. Bennett

*Mr. Settle's address is: Smith & Settle, Otley Mills, Ilkley Rd., Otley, West Yorkshire. Tel: 0943 467 958.

LEONARD CURT

*This is hardly a full
answer to my faxed
letter. What shall I do
next? Not a word about
the case makes & the
£1686 which was never
sent on to him!!*

Leonard Curtis & Co
PO Box 553
40 Eastbourne Terrace
London W2 6LF
Telephone 01-262 7700
Telex 22784 Curtis G
Fax (all grps) 01-723 6059
Monjack
D Goodman
D Swaden
S Dunn

When telephoning please
ask for: **Mr. Morkam**

Our ref: **RM/3/JL**

Your ref:

Date: **10 May 1989**

AIRMAIL

Mrs. Edward H. Bennett,
530 North Green Bay Road,
Lake Forest,
Illinois 60045,
U.S.A.

Dear Mrs. Bennett,

COVENT GARDEN MANUFACTORY LTD (IN ADMINISTRATIVE RECEIVERSHIP)
NOTTINGHAM COURT PRESS.

I refer to your fax transmission of the 3rd May 1989.

I have now had the opportunity to speak with Mr. Burnett and can confirm that there is one boxed copy of India Love Poems which was remaining on the company's premises. This copy is now in safe keeping and I would be grateful if you would make the necessary arrangements for collection of this copy in due course from these offices. Would you please be good enough to give me advanced warning when a copy will be collected.

With regard to all your other stock, I can also confirm that this is held by Hoddle Doyle & Meadows Ltd. of Old Mead Road, Elsenham, Bishop Stortford, Herts, CM22 6JN. and you should write direct to the above named company marking your letter for the attention of David Meadows.

When you have managed to collect or arrange storage of your remaining stock from Messrs. Hoddle Doyle & Meadows, would you please forward to this office your claim in the above administration.

Yours sincerely,
for and on behalf of
COVENT GARDEN MANUFACTORY LTD.



K.D. GOODMAN, FCA.
Joint Administrative Receiver.

29 May
Sweetie ✓

No time for a proper
letter to accompany all this,
which I've determined to
get off to you tomorrow.

Will be pretty busy getting
a load of stuff ready to be
packed up to Wash. Island
Thurs. And we ourselves
will have for a long
weekend Thurs. night. The
house is essentially finished
or will soon be ready to see it,

having not been up here
since Thanksgiving weekend!

hugs & kisses from
us both -

Love,

Will try to call you
sometime later next week.

November 19 '92

phone
0323 727817

21 Arlington Pl.
Eastbourne.
E. Sussex, England BN21 1DT

Dear Shaktuntala,

Delighted to hear from you at long last, and do please send us your new address when you move next year.

and all I have

The *ensured* cassette. (only part of one, I receive)

The first item is Tambi's reading of one of Nicholas Moore's poems beginning "Come my December lady, to my side", taken from "The Glass Tower" published by P.L. in 1944. In this book there are three verses to the poem, of which the last line is "I come to you to meet each folded fist." But Tambi's reading includes several further verses — a great mystery to us, but perhaps you can explain it.

The rest of the cassette is taken from a very funny and somewhat drunken party, early 1954, and I have eliminated anything not strictly Tambi. (The other main contributor was Satia, singing in English and Urdu). So it is rather patchy, and perhaps much of it meaningless unless you understand the following:

- T. always, or at least usually called me "Claudio".
- At that time my wife Lulu and two children, Claudio and Dominic were in England, which helps explain T's opening offering.
- T and Satia lived in the apartment above us at 338 East 87th St.
- The children used to climb the stairs every morning with "tributes" for Tambi — paperclip, matches, a cigarette and so forth — which became a ritual to be observed at all costs!

*New being sent separately. is for a postage. What a skinflint I am!

- Peter Grace and his half Russian wife Dagmar were sharing my apartment with me, + were also good friends of Tambi's. He was a Captain in the Irish Guards - Irish, charming and witty, and a good friend.

The quartets include Tambi, so they remain ~~the~~.

Let me know if you would like the complete and unedited cassette. By the way, Aili Hayes would like a recording of Tambi reading, and I have said that you must first agree. Do you?

"Aland's own 'Book of Lovely Ladies'". Before I left NY

for France in 1954, Tambi put together this book for me, covered ^{with} ~~by~~ part of me of Safia's Sais!! as a good-bye present. Most of it is part MSS for "Indian Love Poems", of which you have a copy no doubt. I have made a photocopy for you which I shall send under separate cover. The numbering of the pages is defective, but it is all there. It is illustrated, mostly in colour, so I have left out the illustrations, since they don't easily reproduce. However, shall photograph them for you ~~in a separate folder~~ at some stage.

Other documents: I gave Jane Williams several Tambi photos, of which I have the negs. Did you find them in her flat? In any case shall send you copies of all photos which I took, when I get round to making prints. Please be patient.

Shall also send you a list of all my Tambi items (notes, articles etc) for you to check, + of course will let you have originals or copies of anything you want.

When a remembrance letter, this is - hope you can make sense of it - Next time you are in England, that you have done for - in it - Love - Cleavage

Sep. 8 '92

My dear Shaktimata,

It is a long time since we met in London, when I promised you a cassette of Tambi in New York.

Well, I have produced it at last. There have been difficulties (technical) but it is reasonable, and the copyright is sequenced to you. No great shakes in view of the quality of the cassette, but it will give you pleasure in any case - in certain.

Before I send it, I must make sure that you are still at the same address. If not, (and if this letter is returned to me) shall try and trace you through the U.S. embassy in London.

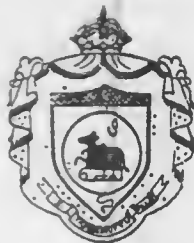
Give me news of yourself please. We are joggling along from one financial crisis to the next (who isn't?) but we live. Would love to see you if you ever come to England. Father calls and all that!

Looking forward to hearing from you

Love - Claude (Miéville) XX

I often think of Tambi - a wonderful and generous man.

PAULINUS TAMBIMUTTU



H 1, First floor
Govt. Flats,
Colombo 4.

2 November.....1988.

Tel. No. 587316

Dear Shaks,

You did not reply about the ashes which I wanted interred at Atchuvely. I have spent a lot on the monument etc and daddy's name is inscribed on the monument.

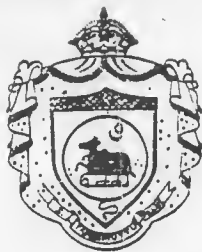
If you cannot send all the ashes can you please put a little in an envelope and send it to me by registered post. I shall send you a money order to meet all your costs.

My father's father's biography of which you have a Tamil version I got translated into English, and have published it at a cost of Rs 14,700. Lake House are the printers. In an appendix I have given daddy's photo greeting his father at the jetty, The reception of the Arts Council of G.B., obituaries in London Times and Encyclopaedia Britannica Year Book 1984 etc.

I shall not send you a copy if you do not send the ashes. I am sorry to be rude, but we in the East have certain standards, and expect neices to respect their uncles, and reply to letters.

Yours affectionately,

PAULINUS TAMBIMUTTU



H 1 first floor,
Govt. Flats,
Colombo 4

Tel 587316 (Colombo)

Dear Shaks,

You have not written to me for ages. Please tell us about yourself, from which University you graduated, which subjects and what you are doing now because people interested in the family are asking. It may come out in print.

I have built a monument for grand-father father and your dad at a cost of Rs 8500 from AF Raymonds inn Colombo. Transport to Jaffna will cost me more. As I want to bury your dad's ashes in the same grave can you please send the urn.

I am staying alone in a three-room flat with a servant girl. The wife is still in London. I came here one year ago. I am inviting you to visit Ceylon. You can stay with me. If you wish to work here I can try to get

Love to Ma

you a job

Yours affectionately,

Paul

Ravana's Lanka was in Sri Lanka

In the article "Ravana's Lanka not in Sri Lanka" (Sunday Times 26 June) the writer says that the events in the Ramayana took place in the 4th century B.C. or even earlier.

The name Rama existed millennia before the Ramayana was committed to writing. Rama it is claimed was an Aryan, but the name appears in the bible as a Hebrew name. The Bible says that the son of Ham was Cush, the son of Cush was Rama (Genesis 10:7).

Lord Rama still appears in the Tamil name Ramanathan as Nathan in Tamil means 'Lord'. The name Nathan still exists among the Jews. The Jews emigrated from Mesopotamia. The capital of Mesopotamia was 'Ur'. 'Ur' is still the Tamil name for city. The Jews and Tamils appear to have a common ancestry.

The article also states that the Lanka of Ravana was in Madhya Pradesh in India, and not in Sri Lanka, and that Sri Lanka was not known as Lanka in ancient times. There are place-names in Sri Lanka like Sita Eliya where Rama's wife, Sita was kept by Ravana.

Because of these place-names Sri Lanka can have an equal claim to be Ravana's abode as Madhya Pradesh. The name Lanka evolved from the Tamil name 'Ilankai' which itself evolved from the name 'Elam'. Ancient Iran was called 'Elam'.

Philologists now admit that the language spoken in ancient Elam, Elamite, was Dravidian. My own view is that Sri Lanka split away from Iran during geological upheavals, and that Adam's Peak would have been situated near the Persian Gulf.

Elu is one of the oldest languages of mankind. Rev. Dr. V. Perniola once told us that only 50% of Elu words were Aryan. Elu is connected to the Tamil word 'Eluttu' which means 'Letter'. Letter is derived from 'Eluttu', 'number' is derived from the Tamil word 'ennu', meaning to count, 'add' is derived from the Tamil 'Kooddu', which means 'to add'. It may be that Madhya Pradesh and Sri Lanka were connected before geological upheavals.

The Tamil word for 'king' is 'Iravan' which was Sanskritised to 'Ravana'. An American Professor Dr. George L. Hart says that the Ramayana is based on a Tamil original.

It is time our professors shed their old shibboleths and admitted that when the Aryan-speaking people entered India they did not know to read or write, that as they had no temples they could not have any priests, that priests whom they called 'Brahmins', were called 'piromis' in Egypt, 'piramen' in Tamil,

that portraits of Sumerian priests, Egyptian priests and Brahmins are identical with shaved heads etc. As the Brahmins are vegetarians they could not have been Aryan.

They should also review impartially everything that has been taught to them by the West for instance that the Roman nose is Aryan whereas it is Etruscan. The Etruscans were a pre-Indo-European race. A revolutionary process known as xeroradiography was used to X-ray Egyptian mummies while still in their wrappings. It revealed that Ramses II the Pharaoh of the Bible had an aquiline nose like a Roman nose. Therefore the Roman nose could not have been Aryan. Even Prince Philip has a non-Aryan nose.

Panlinus Tambimuttu
Colombo 4

Along 80th parallel

The article "Ravana's Lanka not Sri Lanka", was interesting.

We in Sri Lanka are told that Ravana was a Sri Lankan and the actual war took place here. Even a part of the mountain which Hanuman brought fell into the sea near Galle.

Whatever the facts are, it is interesting to note that both Jabalpur and the spot where Hanuman is believed to have dropped the mountain lie exactly on the 80th parallel. And if we travel along the parallel north off Jabalpur we arrive at peak Nanda Devi of Himalayas, which also lies exactly on the 80th parallel.

According to legend the mountain which Hanuman brought is part of the Himalayas.

Was he travelling (flying?) along a straight line north and south of Jabalpur which

happens to be the 80th parallel according to our meridians?

It is also extremely interesting to note that a few hundred kilo meters out to the sea from Galle, where the mountain is believed to be dropped, is the world's greatest gravitational anomaly.

On the 3D map of Goddard Space Flight Center which depicts Earth's Gravimetric Geoid this effect is shown as a deep pit into which Sri Lanka is about to slide. What caused this anomaly?

Theoretically it should be an object of immense size with a peculiar density. What fell here into the sea?

Wherever the action took place, it seems we still have something to share with the Ramayana.

Tissa de Abrew
Kalutara South.

way to

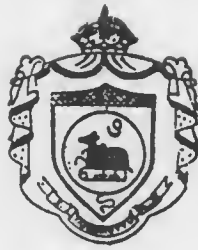
Injustice

United

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or w
Lette
name
Be

PAULINUS TAMBIMUTTU



H 1, First floor,
Govt. Flats,
Colombo 4.

30 September 2.

.....199...

Tel. No. 587316

Dear Shakuntala,

As I am publishing a small book on your dad by Professor Poologasingham etc. Can you please send a short article about him for publication? It should be more about his personal life which has still not been published rather than the literary side which is already known. Only a few pages will do as the cost of printing here is astronomical. If you are writing please say so at once so that I can wait for it.

What are you doing now? Please write something about yourself so that we can all be proud.

Sivasambu sent me your address after several months. Love to you and mum.

Yours affectionately,

(P.T)

weavers from Vijaya's time

Daily News 4-7-72
I refer to Mr. Nandana Dharmawickrema's letter and Dr. W. H. Fernando's response in your issue of August 24. Although Dr. S. Paranavitane said that the coming of Vijaya was a myth I am inclined to agree with Professor K. M. de Silva who says:

Beneath this clarining exercise in myth-making lurks a kernel of historical truth". According to the Mahavamsa, Kuveni was found weaving cloth by the followers of Vijaya. Spinning would have reached Sri Lanka thousands of years earlier as there is evidence that the Indus Valley Civilisation extended even up to the Maldives.

Weavers who belonged to the Salagama community came in several waves from South India to Sri Lanka from the 13th century onwards. Dr. K. M. de Silva says:- "Sri Lankan society saw the accommodation of groups of immigrants from South India and their absorption into the caste structure of the littoral saw the emergence of whole new Sinhalese caste groups, the Salagam, the Durawa and the Karava. They came to the Island in successive waves of immigration which continued well into the eighteenth century" (History of Sri Lanka Oxford University Press).

la
v
PAULINUS TAMBIMUTTU
Colombo

Harappan culture?

Sunday Island 30 8 92

A recent work, a collection of research papers, "Harappan Culture — a Contemporary Perspective," edited by Dr. Gregory L. Possehl, Professor of South Asian Regional Studies, University of Pennsylvania and Curator of the University's South Asian Archaeology Museum, has dramatically altered the views of Western historians. This work has been aptly described as a "unique resource, which presents a state-of-the-art perspective of one of mankind's greatest achievements."

An article in the London "Tamil Times" of 15.06.92 by Dr. T. Pathmanathan a recipient of the 'Fulbright Award' by the U.S. Government of the University of Georgetown, Washington D.C. should be studied by every student of ancient history.

Dr. Pathmanathan says "Decoding this most ancient of all scripts remained unsuccessful till the famous Russian linguist Yuri Knorozov, who had the distinction of having cracked the hitherto undeciphered ancient Maya script of Central America, turned his attention to the Indus Valley code. He was supported in this task of decoding by a highly trained team, equipped with computers and the latest technology in historical research from the Soviet Institute of Ethnography in Moscow, and his findings republished by the Institute under the title: "The Report of the Investigation of the Proto Indian Texts of Harappa".....the remarkable familiarity of these ancient people with the science of astronomy, with the movements of the celestial bodies with the sun as the centre of the universe places them far ahead — millennia ahead of

Copernicus. "It is no wonder that this scientific tradition led later to that most unique and fundamental of scientific discoveries for which India is the home — discovery of the number ZERO (which Arab travellers took to the West) without which modern mathematics would be wholly inconceivable."

"Knorozov and his team found supporting evidence and interpretations from other scholars in this field.

Further light was thrown by A. Parpola's study "Pecipherment of the Proto-Indian inscription in the Indus Valley," published in Copenhagen by the Scandinavian Institute of Asian Studies, and the work of G. R. Hunter, "The Script of Harappa and Mohenjo Daro", published in London. Knorozov and others made the fundamental breakthrough in cracking the Harappan code and established that the "typology of the Harappan Language is non-Indo-European and resembles the Dravidian Languages very closely, particularly the Tamil and Malayalam languages of South India."

I agree with everything that Dr. Pathmanathan has stated except his rejection of the 'Diffusionist theory.' The French appear to have done more work in this field than the others and more sympathetic to Indians. One should read books like 'L' Histoire de L'Inde' by Alain Danielou, F. Le Roux, "Les Druides", G. Olivier "Anthropologie des Tamoules du Sud de L' Inde", C. Autran "Phoenikes of Dravidiens", M. Somasoundrampillai's thesis for Ph. D. for a French

University" Phonogic at Phonétique du Tamoul etc...

The French were even the first to fly into Sarajevo! H. Jousanne in his book "Les dolmens pour les morts," an English translation of which was published by B. T. Batsford Ltd., London, recently says researchers like Sundara, an author already extensively quoted believe in the diffusionist phenomenon and seek an explanation in the Middle East with the monuments of Palestine. They underline the relations that existed between the Harappan and the Mesopotamians; the sarcophagus urns of Iran and the Persian Gulf (they show similarities with those of Southern India.) Nubian pottery (which we have already touched on.

Of course all this is disturbing, but nevertheless convincing; and an autochthonous origin for Indian Megalith-building is also possible. Sundara referred to has written several books. e.g. A. K. Sundara "The Early

Chamber Tombs of South India" — Delhi, University Publishers. "Megalith Architecture in Southern India"; Columbia. University of Missouri etc.

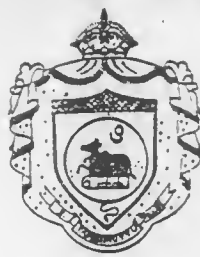
We cannot explain the presence of the place called 'Ur' in Scotland, like 'Ur' of the Chaldees (ur in Tamil means 'city'.) On the way 'Ur' became 'urbs' in Latin. Europe was covered with ice. After the ice melted after the 'wurm' glaciation people from the East started moving westwards (Cambridge Ancient History Vol I Pt. I p. 167).

We cannot explain the presence of the Pandyan double fish on a pre-Christian Cross in Scotland (W.H. Ward Seal Cylinders of Western Asia p. 315) the presence of 'Mac' meaning 'son' in Scotland and 'makan' meaning 'son' in Tamil. All these are discussed in my book, "Europe and the Dravidians", available in some libraries in Sri Lanka. Other libraries have suppressed the book!

Paulinus Tambimuttu Colombo

CL

PAULINUS TAMBIMUTTU



H 1 Govt. Flats, first floor,
Colombo 4

22 March 1988.

Tel 587316

Dear Shaks,

Thanks for the reply. Can you please send the ~~us~~
the ashes by registered sea mail or air mail as you li
you need send only part of it. I shall meet all costs of the
operation.

I am sending a copy of piece about the family
in the "Island". I gave info about you too but the editor
has omitted it due ti lack of space.

I understand Jane was operated ^{on} for cancer of
the breast. It may spread to other parts. So better retrieve
your books and documents before it is too late. I do not
know all the f acts, but I guess shen deceived ypu

Love to Mum

Yours affectionately,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Paul', is written below the typed name.

30 Eslyn Road,
London SW 17
8TP.

27/1/88

My dear Sakuntala,

I am sure you will be surprised to hear from me. But I think it's time we kept in touch with each other.

I'm sorry I've not been able to write to you earlier - as we have been terribly busy.

We moved house in April last year as the travelling was quite tiring. We now live in the South West close to daddy's place. As you know Daddy & mummy too have moved to a new house close by. We travel by car to work & it only takes me 20 mins to get to my office.

I hope Jane is keeping you informed of the progress we are making towards realisation of aims & objects of the Indian Arts Council, which was your daddy's dream that has now come true. With great difficulty we purchased premises at Russell Square & from the 1st January we have been in business functioning from these premises. It's quite a nice place. It was one of the Trustees who ~~had~~ agreed to lend us £15,000 to buy

the premises. We are paying him interest
on this loan. So far we have got some
funding from Greater London Council. To
continue our programme of events & the
running of the gallery we are depending
on other funding bodies & individuals. I'm
sure if your daddy was alive today
we would have no difficulty ⁱⁿ obtaining
funds. as he knew ~~so~~ the right people
who would not have ~~had~~ heart to
refuse him. I'm writing to you to find
out whether you would know people
who would be ^{willing} ~~interested~~ to contribute
to our cause. I'm sure daddy had
lots of friends over there who would
be overjoyed to hear that his vision
of the Indian Arts Council has at last
come true.

We are now having events
every Thursday at the Gallery. We
also propose to have a Tambimuttu
Memorial Lecture every year.

This year we are planning to have it in March. I hope you will do your best to be here for that event. If you would like to be there I could try & fix it at that time. By the way I'm the Legal Advisor for the Indian Arts Council & my husband Vignes ~~has~~ is the Accountant. I wish you were here so you could be involved as well. But that does not mean you ~~cannot~~ should not take interest in the activities. I'm sending you

a ~~for~~ copy of a programme we had for the past 2 weeks. It will give you somewhat an idea of the activities.

I hope you keeps in touch & let me know what you think of it. Members of the committee are planning to

change the name Indian Arts Council
so that other countries in the East are
also covered by the name. This
is for the purpose of funding. I do not
like the idea. But if $\frac{2}{3}$ majority of
the members require a change of name
we would have to do it. Have you
any suggestions?

Please write to me ~~when you have the time~~
~~at your convenience~~ when you have the time
& let me have your views.

With love

Your cousin
Lois Rooney

14th March 1978
25 - March 1978

Dear Shaktantala,

It was good to get your letter of 15th Feb and to hear all your news. I hope you got my Xmas

I had a few talks with Jane after you left and she assured me that in a year she would finish *Entomology*. I think she meant it. At least let us wait till the end of this year before taking action.

London and help you to get all your things. That is a promise. I'll

I had a talk with Nisim Ezediel and he said he would approach Kishwant Singh the person in charge of Penguin India and have the *paper back* *Penguin* edition if Kishwant thought it possible and if the publishers agreed. This would be a good thing.

Jane has certainly done a good job of the book and possibly without her it never would have got published. One must give her credit for that.

At this stage I think the best thing is for you to write a nice letter asking for when she will hand over all the things to you. Ask her to do it within a certain time limit. She said she would advise you where to sell the manuscripts and paintings so as to get the best price when she hands over the things.

Shaktantala, - the paintings are worth quite a lot and you should get a sizable amount for them. Kishwant Singh has influence over Jane and she is also your Godmother. Use her - only she is very old now.

I'm interested in your change of subject. How come entomology?

भारत-89, विश्व 1फ

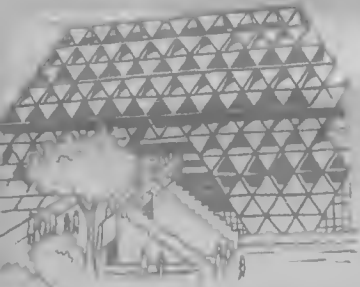
दिल्ली, 29 जनवरी 19

INDIA-89, WORLD PHILATELIC EXHIBITION-NEW DELHI, 20-29 JAN

हवाई पत्र
Aerogramme



Miss Shakti Tamir
312 6th Street
Brooklyn, New York 11215
USA



हॉल ऑफ नेशन्स प्रगति मैदान-नई दिल्ली.
HALL OF NATIONS, PRAGATI MAIDAN-NEW DELHI

भेजने वाले का नाम और पता:-
Sender's Name and Address:-

S. Tambir
1 Ravindra Mansion
Dinshar Wacha Rd, Bombay 400020
INDIA

इस पत्र के अन्दर कुछ न रखिये
No Enclosures Allowed

I am all right. I have been going to
kithin quite a lot during weekends with Deepak. He is
well and sends you his regards.

I will be happy to meet your friends if they
visit Bombay.

Do keep in touch. I will also write
and give you news of myself.

It was lovely seeing you — only it was so
such a short time. Hope you can come
here or perhaps I visit you next year.

Affectionately
Sally.

202010
Dear Shakuntala

Revinda Mission,
Dinshaw Wacha Rd
Bombay 400 020
17th Sep '88

It's been a long time since we've had news of each other. You are often in my thoughts and I wonder how you are and whether you are happy.

Last year June wrote that you were staying in New York. I'm sending this letter to your mother to let it be addressed to you.

Shakuntala, do write and give me your news and your address and phone number.

I would like to keep in touch with you.

After all I am your godmother and concerned about you! Though I have not written for ages.

You will be glad to know that I am in good health and not troubled by back or knee pains.

I lead a fairly active life - doing a lot of housework myself. In Bombay

all my servants are not always easy to get and at the moment I have two part time

servants - a boy who comes at 9 AM and cleans the house and a woman who comes at 8 AM and does part of the cooking leaving at 10 PM. She cooks dinner and I help and supervise.

I know much more about cooking than I did before. I wish Gundo could eat some of the things I make. He would have liked them.

Why don't you come and visit me. I could give you a good time, and please you about here and there.

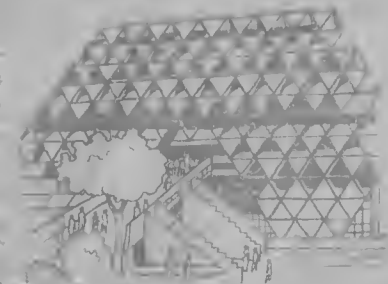
हवाई पत्र
Aerogramme

भारत-89, विश्व फिलेटेलि प्रदर्शनी-नई दिल्ली, 20-29 जनवरी 1989
INDIA-89, WORLD PHILATELIC EXHIBITION-NEW DELHI, 20-29 JANUARY 1989



Kindly Forward

Miss Shakuntala Tambimuttu
C/o Mrs E. Basi
111 South Street
Northampton Mass 01060
U.S.A.



हॉल ऑफ नेशन्स प्रगति मैदान-नई दिल्ली.
HALL OF NATIONS, PRAGATI MAIDAN-NEW DELHI

दूसरा मोड़ SECOND FOLD

भेजने वाले का नाम और पता:
Sender's Name and Address:

Safia Tambimuttu
1 Revindra Mansion,
Dinkar Wacha Road,
Bombay 400 020
INDIA

इस पत्र के अन्दर कुछ न रखिये
No Enclosures Allowed

पहला मोड़ FIRST FOLD

My circumstances are much better than what they were when Gunde and you visited India. I want to take you to Belgium. The house has been done up and is really lovely now and it has ~~at~~ most modern comforts. ~~Revindra Mansion~~ I have a TV and a VCR in my bedroom. Saty and Nandini so ~~the~~ you can be quite comfortable. The room where Mr. and Mrs. is now a guest room so you could be comfortable and on your own. Deepak sends you regards. He is staying here and bullying me so I need you here!! Do come. At least keep in touch. I am planning a trip abroad next year to Europe may come to see Shree as well. Love Safia.

I Ravindra
Hension
Dinhaw Nachu Rd
Bombay
400 020

My very dear Shakti 28th 10-92

Have lost touch with you
for many years.
I hope you are well and
happy.

I'm very glad to
meet your friends.

I have been alright
except for the last year
when I found I had
a slight anjma. Nothing
serious but since then I
have had to take of myself.

In April I had an attack
of gastro-enteritis which was
a strain on the heart.

I'm okay now but as
mobile as I used to
be two, three years back.

I was in much better health

(2)

Then when you last saw
me. However in a
couple of months

I hope to get back my
vitality. Deepak nursed me
when I was ill and looked
after me and bullied me
into resting etc.!!

I'm sorry I could not
entertain your friends but had
a tummy upset the day they were
up.

I wish I could send you
something better than these amber
beads but I couldn't go
shopping.

Why didn't you visit
me for a long spell.

I could take you to Kishim
which is very good shape
with Deepak's looking after.
The young coconut trees shooting
up and everything green and
flowering — and the sea
always thrilling to watch.

Also I think I could

(3)
give you a good time
and you could travel a bit.
Some of my cousins always
talk about you and are
interested in your things.

Better ~~go~~ make an effort
and come before I pop
off !!

I heard about Jane.

I don't think she was
a very happy person.

Shukunika, you must make
up your mind to concentrate
and become somebody
creative and interesting.

Be more positive and
realize that you are
important to others and
well as to

yourself.
Write and give your
name and give your
and phone your address
number.

With all affection
and love

Your grandmother

Sally.

Bombay
10th Sep 97

Dear Shakuntala,

It was very nice to talk to you though dissapointing that you could not visit India.

What interesting times you have had. I hope sampling useful energies from the swim you have taken.

I was not operated on as my blood count was low and I had positive occult blood. Various tests took time and I had to recover from them.

Now the operation is fixed for 15th September and I will have to be careful for a month. It will be a ^{lens} ~~lense~~ implant for cataract in my right eye.

In November my PG is ~~leaving~~ as he is getting married staying in the small room off the kitchen and I don't won't have anyone staying for some months at least.

So the little room is ready for you so make plans to come in the winter and stay as long as you like.

Deepak is here to look after me during the operation.

Greatly looking forward to seeing you in the near future and having long chats

Yours with love
Deepak Vohra
to be remembered.

Saffron.

1. Ravindra Mar
Dinshaw Wacha Road
Bombay 400020
8th March '96

Dear Shakuntala

Was delighted to get your letter and to learn that you are planning to visit India in the near future. As far as Kikim is concerned we can go any time for weekends or for a longer stay. I like to spend May there as Bombay is hot and the sea breeze of Kikim keeps it cool. Also many of my relations are there during May and I can see them there. ^{you will enjoy meeting them.} Shahnaz, my other goddaughter and Yashmeen who you met in Delhi remember you and are looking forward to meeting you again.

If I know ahead when you can come I can plan some programme for you with Deepak's help. He has got a car and we can plan trips to various places. I am very anxious and eager to see you. You are like a daughter to me and though I don't write I think of you a lot and always with pleasure. You are a link to your father as I am to you so lets meet and spend as much time together as possible.

Your plans for Ceylon can be worked in and you can stay here the longer the better as far as I am concerned. Deepak also keeps telling me that your coming will be good for me. The small room is empty and you will be comfortable here. Now I have a modern kitchen and also a certain amount of cooking stuff. Also TV with Star, CNN etc so that you can be comfortable. Also AC in my bedroom so that the hot weather is no problem.

I've become a very slow correspondent ^{also} and I'm planning to write to you as soon as I get your letter. However, plan to come whenever you can make it and stay as long as you like. I like the sooner ^{the} better.

हवाई पत्र
Aerogramme



Miss Shakuntala Tambimuttu c/o Basi

111 South Street

Northampton MA

01060 —

USA

दूसरा मोड़ SECOND FOLD



INDIAN CUSTOMS
CELEBRATES YOUR ARRIVAL

भेजने वाले का नाम और पता:-
Sender's Name and Address:-

S. Tambimuttu

1 Ravindra Mansion

Dinshaw Wacha Rd, Bombay
400020

इस पत्र के अन्दर कुछ न रखिये
No Enclosures Allowed

पहला मोड़ FIRST FOLD

I was going for long walks in the early morning but overdid it. The walks so now have to take it easy for a week or two.

Deepak informed me lately that my condition heart was very bad — two of the arteries going in the heart completely blocked and the third was 90 percent closed too. The operation was just in time otherwise I would have had a heart attack and kicked the bucket!

So I've had a new lease of life and must make the most of it.

Deepak sends his good wishes and I send you my fondest love. Remember me to your family.

Let me hear from
You soon.

Affectionately
Satin.

Also give me Chrys phone No.
hoping to see you soon.
Affectionately
Subson

1 Ravindra Hension
Dinshaw Wacha Rd
Bombay 400 020
16th Oct. '89
Tel. No 2026158

M - dear Skakentala,

Thanks for your letters. I was very happy to get them and am very ashamed that I have not answered them.

Now I am writing to you in a hurry. Some time back Jane wrote that ^{Memorised} Grandy's book was coming out on 20th Nov. sponsored by the Indian High Commission and she wanted me to attend the function if possible. I rang her the next day and said I would come and asked if you would be coming also. She said yes.

^{and staying with Chrys.}
I am very excited to meet you ^{and Chrys} and in fact if you don't come to London I may not come also so please let me know your plans. Also I am bringing something for you which I can't leave with friends so it is important for me to know whether you are coming.

I'm planning to leave Bombay on about the 16th of Nov. staying for a week with my cousins Faiz and Zahra Tyebji Tel. No ^R 883422². ^{Office} 2294740. However, they are going to be out of town on 18 & 19 and Faiz is coming to Bby on 28 Nov. So now I will have to find place to stay for another week. ^{or so} My friend Maya Ravi told in p's Her phone No is 3522474. I want to see or meet or you or I can.

I've made my will and left all Grandi things to you - books, letters etc.

I've been well but just now am recovering from a virus throat infection and ~~I have~~ also hurt my hand so could not use it for nearly two weeks!

हवाई पत्र
Aerogramme

भारत-89, विश्व फिलैटेलि प्रदर्शनी-नई दिल्ली, 20-29 जनवरी 1989
INDIA-89, WORLD PHILATELIC EXHIBITION-NEW DELHI, 20-29 JANUARY 1989



Miss Shankuntala Tambimuttu

312 6th Street, Brooklyn

New York

USA

11215

गैल ऑफ नेशन्स प्रगति मैदान-नई दिल्ली.
GALL OF NATIONS, PRAGATI MAIDAN-NEW DELHI

पहला मोड़ SECOND FOLD

भेजने वाले का नाम और पता:-
Sender's Name and Address:-

SAFIA TYABJEE TAMBIMUTTU
1, Ravindra Mansion,
Dinsha Wacha Road,
BOMBAY 200 020 Tel. : 2026158

Dinshaw Wacha Rd, Bombay 20
INDIA

इस पत्र के अन्दर कुछ न रखिये
No Enclosures Allowed

पहला मोड़ FIRST FOLD

I Deepak is still here. He is now doing
free lance work. I'll bring a copy of Natarajah I have
too. We will talk of when you can come here.
Although I am alright moneywise - I am selling a
lot of things to raise money for the ticket and for
increasing my income.

Was very interested in your news. Glad you
have a good friend, and are enjoying life.
You will have to come here to 'keep Deepak in
line.' What dreadful things are happening in Ceylon.
Hope all your relations are okay.
Drop a short letter giving
your plans, by return of post
I am plus accordingly.

Safia, Love

SHAKESPEARE

The Free University of Paris



AND COMPANY

37 rue de la Bûcherie Paris 5

To Those Who Cherish Freedom, Practice Equality
And Seek Justice — WELCOME

We wish our guests to enter with the feeling they have inherited a
booklined apartment on the Seine which is all the more delightful
because they share it with others

A PRIVATE LIBRARY OPEN BY INVITATION TO THE PUBLIC

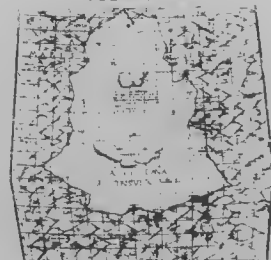
Books In All Languages

LITERARY CAFE AND MACROBIOTIC RESTAURANT

Rendez-vous Joz George

le 6 mai ~~1977~~

1979



FIRST PRINTED MAP OF CEYLON
BY A WESTERN CARTOGRAPHER

Dear Shakuntala,

On Wednesday at the last rehearsal in the Purcell Room itself, Gavin Ewart was present and read out his selection from Vol. 1 of Poetry London. He said introductory words about Tambimuttu, and went on to read 'Four Love Poems' and ended with his own Sonnet.

He remained till almost the end. And we spoke of the time of the Journal. I had hoped that he would be able to speak longer, as part of his item, about the nature of the achievement of Poetry London but he felt that that would be more a task for the critic and the scholar, and I content myself with his limiting himself as he did.

Tissa Manasinghe's head of Tambimuttu is at the moment being cast in bronze and would be ready by Oct. 25th. I would be having a wreath placed on his head at 7.15 pm in the foyer before the Concert at 7.30 pm. I have not yet decided whom I would choose.

enclosed a photocopy of the text of the advertisement which will appear in the national press, and a copy of a note circulated to old boys of my old school in Colombo.

I am considering asking my colleagues of The Ceylon Bloomsbury Group whether we should not elect Tambimuttu as the first Member of the Group (The Group is not open to public membership. Those elected are those who have contributed to the field we are exploring, and represent the kind of achievement which we consider to be the direction our history and cultural history should take.

And others I have in mind are those whose achievement is similar but I would like to give this more thought.

Yours sincerely,

Shakuntala

20.10.86

28 Tavistock Place, WC1H 9RE.

* I have expressed it as it were hypothetically only because we shall have never formulated completely the whole problematic statement.

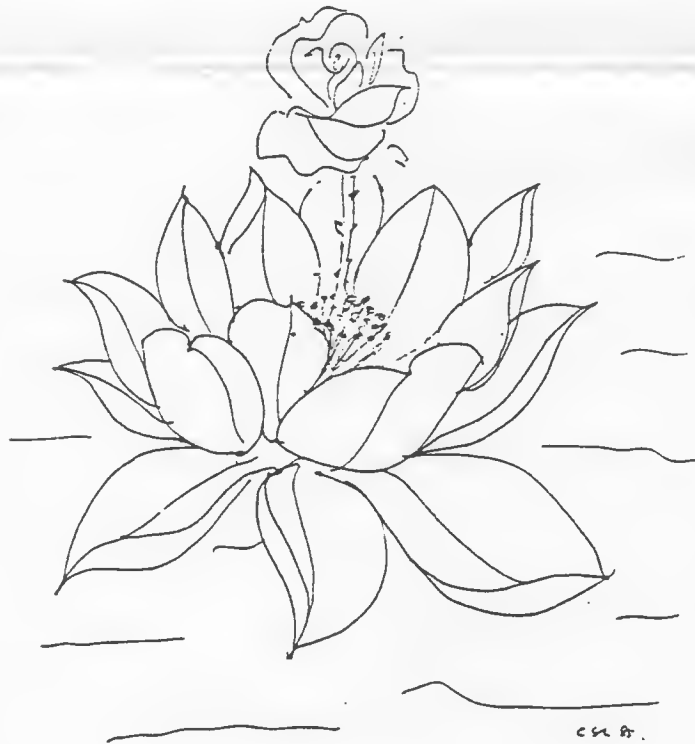


This is the text of the announcement in the Sunday Times, Sunday Telegraph and Observer of Oct. 19th. and The Times, Daily Telegraph and Guardian of Oct. 25th.

Saturday 25 Oct 7.30 pm ARS ZEYLANICA Music, Dance, Drums, Poetry & Prose. Free in the Foyer 5 pm Ethos Zeylanicum. Display & Sale. 7.15 pm placing of wreath on Tissa Ranasinghe's Bronze Head of Tambimuttu, Editor Poetry London 1938-51, we invite his colleagues & friends. Tickets for concert £2, £3, £4. N. Sivasambu/The Ceylon Bloomsbury Group

ARS ZEYLANICA

THE LOTUS AND THE ROSE



PURCELL ROOM
South Bank

7.30 PM SATURDAY OCTOBER 25th, 1986

Saturday
25 Oct
7.30 pm

ARS ZEYLANICA Music, Dance, Drums, Poetry & Prose. Free in the Foyer 5 pm Ethos Zeylanicum. Display & Sale. 7.15 pm placing of wreath on Tissa Ranasinghe's Bronze Head of Tambimuttu, Editor Poetry London 1938-51, we invite his colleagues & friends. Tickets for concert £2 £3 £4. N. Sivasambu/The Ceylon Bloomsbury Group



Copy for Mookuntala.

Dear Fellow-Alumnus,

May I enclose together with a note correcting the date of the Oct. 18th. Dance event - it had been postponed - a note by CEYLON BOOKS with which I am associated :

PALMA BIBLIOTHECA ZEYLANICA

The five volume Frank Cass reprint of Tambimuttu's Poetry London, 1939-51, Currently valued at £150, is offered as recognition for an essay-monograph on the educational-cultural values of the Royal College.

These values are the classical ideas and ideals on which England's Public Schools had been based. And Royal had been modelled on these Schools.

At 7.15 pm in the Foyer of the Queen Elizabeth Hall on October 25th. on the occasion of Ars Zeylanica 1986 in the Purcell Room, a wreath is being placed on the bronze head of Tambimuttu by a colleague or colleagues of our countryman here in England : this is a recognition of his achievement in Poetry London as an achievement within English Letters.

It is an achievement of this kind that I personally think the ideas and values of The Royal College is based on.

It is a paradigm also of intelligence and sensibility.

The sculpture is by a past Alumnus, Tissa Ranasinghe, who now teaches at The Royal College of Art.

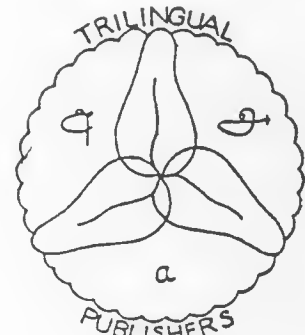
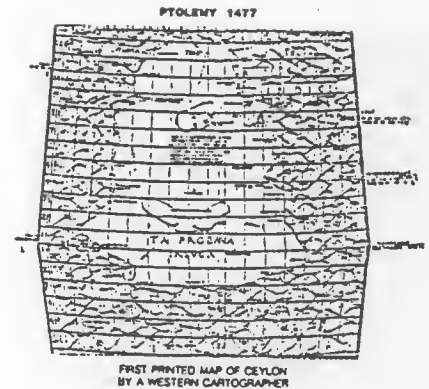
CEYLON BOOKS table at the Display and sale in the Foyer on this same occasion, will have a copy of The Royal College 150th. Anniversary Souvenir in acknowledgement of our concurrence that she is the country's leading representative of the classical ideal as we have viewed her in relation to all other Schools especially during the 30s., 40s. and 50s.

The essay-monograph will be adjudicated by CEYLON BOOKS which considers originality a leading criterion.

16.10.86.

N.Sivasambu

Palmyra Beddagama 28 Tavistock Place,
WC1H 9RE Tel. 01-278-5232.



Testamental

Dear Shakuntala,

I have not heard from you and have wondered whether you have changed your address. Paulinus informs me that you have and has given me your new address and number. I wonder whether my last letters have gone astray : they haven't been returned to me.

These remarks are however only a preamble summarising the gap since you last wrote in reply.

I must now come to what is to me a fateful decision. On Jan. 6th. of this year when what should have been the home of your father's creation reached my door step, I had to make up my mind whether I could sustain any longer the effort required to bear the psychological pressures which had been increasingly felt since March of last year.

A Rubicond was crossed in January. The letter which I had wished to write on that evening at 6.30 pm, I am writing now :

There is no one left here* who has the capacity and the competence, the emotional health and maturity, the independence, strength, integrity and probity of personal character to continue Tambimuttu's work.

Those who should have done so could only have considered themselves, at best, as custodians of his legacy. They have failed to do so.

Whenever an individual faces a situation of this kind, critical for himself as an individual and critical for a movement of ideas and sensibility, he must consider the wilderness.

I have to set the record straight as far as I am concerned and to the extent that I can consider myself as some one who might ^{have} borne the torch of a man's legacy for the future especially the generation from Ceylon who succeeds that of Tambimuttu, I must also now take the only step open to me as it seems to sustain the integrity of a legacy which is also that of Ceylon in this century.

When you perhaps learn of the step I have taken, you will I am sure consider the whole question in all its complexity, listen to everyone, see the situation whole and view it in perspective.

You succeed to your father's inheritance ; leave it to no one other than your own self : you will then have come home.

Yours sincerely,

N. Sivasambu

1.7.86

* I am not of course here referring to members of your family; I am speaking outside their ambit.

registered cover

N. Sivasambu

28 Tavistock Place, WC1H 9RE
Tel. 01-278-5232





Though written after I had concluded, it is not after thought ;
that I had thought of sending this thought too may be:

The last few words echo what I had written when I gave you the second volume of Leonard Woolf's Autobiography, Growing, which records his seven years in Ceylon, 1904-II- (this copy is the one the publisher of the book, Hogarth, had loaned me for a display in the summer of 1981 of all things Ceylonese at Barnsbury, a locality in Islington, a home of the native cockneys, the working golk of this country with whom I am morally identified. On this occasion, your father was my guest and in this capacity he lit the traditional lamp at my stall which I had named 'Bedagamma' after the village in Leonard's Woolf, The Village In The Jungle.

What I had written for you was seen by Tambimuttu who said of it :
'it is lovely'.

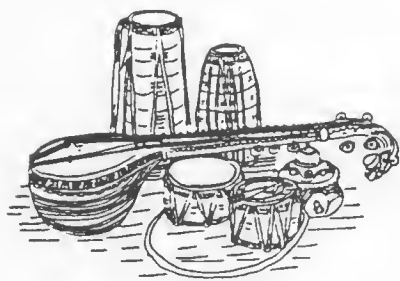
You might reread those words together with this letter; your father's legacy is literally and literarily a 'realm of gold' (to echo Keat's 'Much have I travelled in the realms of gold and godly states and kingdoms seen ..' (On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer).

Lord Krishna to Arjuna before the battle is joined : the issues have been clarified.

Sri Lanka.

N. Sivasambu

28 Tavistock Place, WC1H 9RE
Tel. 01-278-5232





Dear Shakuntala,

Enclosing Oct. 25th. Concert Note, the Leaflet, which is circulated by and through the Royal Festival Hall and a copy of the Press Release.

Tissa Ranasinghe's bronze head of Tambimuttu is expected to be ready in time for the Display in the Foyer on the same evening. I would like to invite someone who had known Tambimuttu in his literary capacity to place a wreath of - our own - laurel : made of palmyra and talipat palm as emblematic of the north - 'Spana maram' as they say in Tamil, the name for the palmyra palm, and the talipat palm which grows in the south. It was on the leaves of these palms that our learning was once inscribed.

Gavin Ewart, who had known Tambi since before the war ie from almost the time Tambi arrived in London in 1938, would be reading from vol. 1 of Poetry London of his own and Tambimuttu's poems.

This item is also a clarification of the nature of Tambimuttu's achievement here during his total years and a consolidation of that achievement.

It would be wonderful if you could be present. Why not fly over?

Yours sincerely,
Best Wishes,

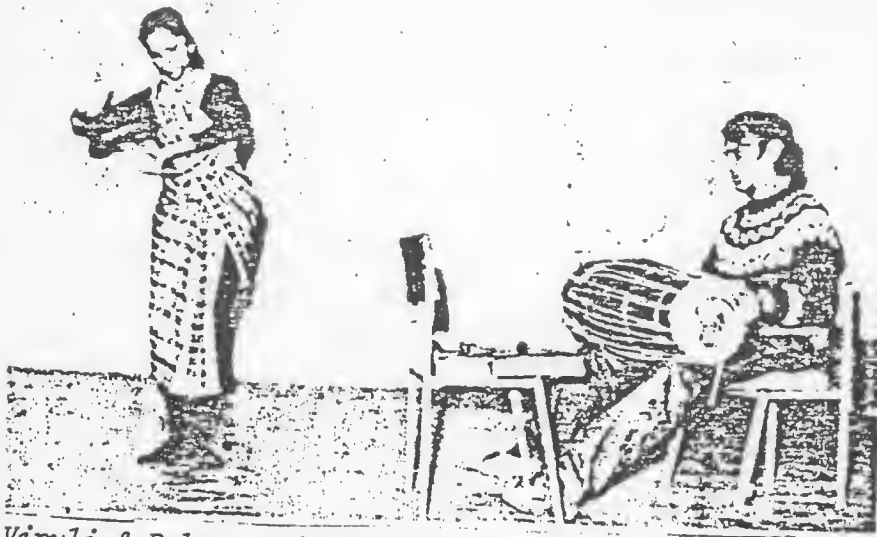
J. Sivasambu

26.9.86.

N. Sivasambu

28 Tavistock Place, WC1H 9RE
Tel. 01-278-5232





Vipuli & Rohan early in 1984. Rohan is on the Kandyan Drum. But they were giving thought to what became *Samsara* choreographed by Vipuli to Rohan's Cello.

Notes on Two Events of Note

We consider it a pleasure and a duty to enclose this Note as well : We are happy for Vipuli that it is home she is returning to. But there is also sadness in that she leaves just when we had begun to feel that she had reached the point of consolidating her twenty two years of teaching and dancing by founding, as we see in fancy, a School of Kandyan, Low Country and Sabaragamuwa Dance, Drums and Music, which would have been the first without its own original home and within England and Europe.

Early in 1984 when preparing for the Memorial Concert for Tambimuttu, Editor Poetry London, 1939-51, and Publisher, Lyrebird Press, we brought together for the first time ever in a unique intersection and interaction of two different cultural traditions, the Western

Cello in the person of Rohan and the Eastern in the Dance of Vipuli. The new creation which resulted was new and the apt tribute to our poet, editor and publisher the nature of whose achievement was expressed in this 'symbiosis', a term used for the first time ever, at least in the experience of the writer of these lines, by a fellow countryman here when he inaugurated in 1983 The Indian Arts Council and simultaneously the Sri Lankan Arts Council the essence of whose programmatic task was this cross fertilisation between our cultural traditions and those of Europe especially England.

This symbiosis was extended further last year by *Ars Zeylanica* with the harmony of Druvi's piano and rhythm of Piyasara's Kandyan Drum. In *Ars Zeylanica* this year the exploration is joined by the percussion, guitar and piano of Rohan's colleagues of AMM.

This completely new beginning at the Memorial Concert which we had also conceived of as the first international concert was consciously seen as the direction for the future. A particular art reaches its fullness and thereafter repeats itself. New forms when they are tried are basically of the old. The emergence of something entirely new like the origin of a new species may, at a certain stage of social and historical development, be possible only with the consciously directed interaction of two completely different cultural traditions such as those of west and east.

The future of the various art forms may lie in this direction in which our cultural tradition seeks its identity and its fruition only in terms of the aesthetic and thus each tradition would speak to each other only in terms of art whose language may be a future international language just as that of science and mathematics and the methodology of these two great disciplines is one already.

Whilst therefor wishing Vipuli a happy journey home we must still in the name of this future art express the wish that fellow artists of her tradition and indeed herself too would return here at regular intervals to continue this new voyage of discovery which is what we had set out on in preparing for the Tambimuttu Memorial Concert of March 1984.

As we bid farewell as perforce we must to one artist, there is some recompense as we welcome another who has written about the art of the first and himself contributed to another, drama.

Last/when preparing for our first essay on the South Bank with *Ars Zeylanica* we asked H.H. Bandara for an excerpt from the first classic of the long debated and awaited renaissance following independence : *Maname*. From his Forum, the scholar-musician chose instead *Maname's* successor, *Sinhabahu*, who, he said, was of the same classical culture and pedigree.

The longed for first child steps on the stage of The Mermaid Theatre which stands quite possibly on the very site and soil of the Globe and the no less famous Tavern of the Mermaid who inspired the wit of Ben Jonson whose unblotted lines must have been tried out here: for a debut so memorable no other play and playwright of ours could have been a more felicitous and rightful choice.

The creator of England's drama and dramatic language especially if he would reflect on the qualified claims of his youthful King Jhm to the crown of ripe Tragedy which is lawfully



Dear Shakuntala,

I can only sum up the present situation about my thinking as one even of crisis.

You spoke in your letter of having to find what undergraduates look for after graduation : but you don't have to look for anything.

That is - you don't have to look for anything outside yourself. You are already in possession of what you should be doing.

I have given the problems that arose since June '83 as much thought as I could give it. In a sense its a difficult problem. In a sense it is not : its a continuation of the thinking which, as I have already stated, began nearly forty years ago.

The simple and definite and definitive conclusion arrived at is that you and only you can continue your father's work.

The present position is one of clarifying the legacy and its mandate : it is not only a question of how this ~~mandate~~ mandate may be understood as you say in your letter. It is not only a question of interpreting or understanding as each individual might. Those who try 'interpret' this mandate must have the competence to do so.

And even this is not the only serious problem. There is the question of the wish to do so, the subjective-personal psychological, wish.

And still one does not get to the heart of the problem : the sense of awareness and responsibility that any one standing in any relation whatsoever to Tambi's legacy are only Trustees of that legacy ie they have to continue that legacy.

But they cannot do this if they ^{do} not know what that legacy is, do not care to know.

It can even be the case that this whole problem is non-existent - to those who did not know Tambi or did not know him in terms of his work.

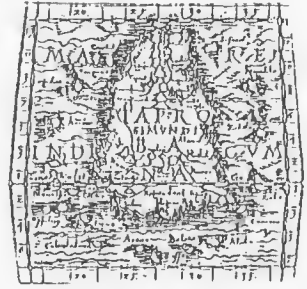
You have to decide firmly :

- i. Institute a Trust in 'Tambimuttu's name to have overall authority over anything done in his name.
- ii. You should yourself be here to see that anything done in his name has your approval ie they are decisions and acts by those ^{who} accept that there is a mandate and know what this is.

N. Sivasambu

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01-278-5232



(11)

I shall be clarifying my own mind in the course of this year and deciding what my own relation to this whole problem should be.

I would prefer to hold any final decisions until I have been able to personally discuss them with you. Writing is not a substitute. You must yourself also be here to see the practical situation as it develops.

In the '30s and '40s there was another journal of poetry which also had its quality. And it was edited by no less a person than Read. But this journal cannot be equated with Poetry London merely because both were journals of poetry and journals publishing recent and current work. They were each looking out for what was different. Each journal reflected the different sensibility of its respective editors.

There are many today in the field which Tambi's last interest looked toward. Unless his last field of interest reflects his sensibility there is no point in doing this, in continuing his last attempted work.

Who ever chooses to enter the same field can do so in his or her own individual ~~name~~.

Either whatever is done in Tambimuttu's name reflects his mind and intelligence or it doesn't. If it doesn't then his legacy should be closed and it be allowed to be part of history.

Else he will be misrepresented.

And this is particularly important when Tambimuttu is considered in the context of Ceylon and her cultural history :

i. The future generations will be receiving a wrong impression of his past achievement if its supposed present continuation is not the correct one - and it cannot be the correct one if (as I have already stated) it is even held that there is no mandate.

That there is no mandate is a position that could be arrived at if there is an indifference to the nature of his achievement particularly his work as editor of PL, '39-'49.

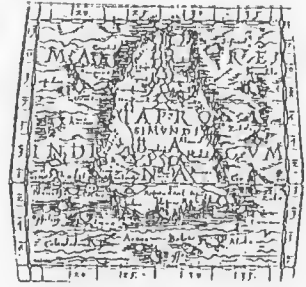
ii. Tambi's position within our cultural history rests on his achievement in PL : ie his last work, his last attempted work, can only be in terms of this achievement because of which he has a permanent place in our, Ceylon's, cultural history. though

I am ^{known} not saying that it is only his achievement with PL, '39-'49. A pivotal / point, would be his position in relation to 'The Age of T.S. Eliot'.

iii. His last work is an achievement within Ceylon's cultural history. IE This also means that only a person in my position ie one who has thought the thoughts that will concern an intelligence which has been concerned with

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(111)

the problems of our cultural situation and history in this century can see clearly what the problem is - the problem now.

In addition to all these problems there now the further one a universal intelligence and sensibility which knew no national boundaries being taken to be and seen as the creator of a national body ie those speaking in his name or seeking to do so or being implicitly taken to be speaking in his name will in fact - whatever their subjective rag bag of 'ideas' about what they themselves are doing - ~~an institution which is one nation~~ be forming an institution which is national.

That Tambimuttu founded this or that, started this or that, created this or that will come to have only a historical sense ie his name as thus used will only mean the historical fact that it was he who initiated it.

It will not mean that this name inspires, continues to inspire, what is done only nominally in his name.

You have to awake to the possibility of this.

Yours sincerely,

N. Sivasambu

2.9.85.

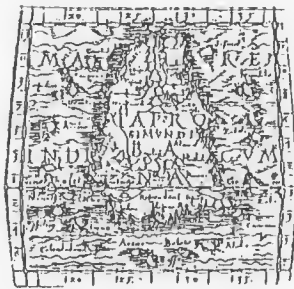
This is a first draft. Its written under pressure of work and the pressure of itself - all this weighing even heavily on me : the integrity of our cultural history in this century is the issue.

The Concert whose leaflet is encl. is about this.

N. Sivasambu

28 Tavistock Place,
WC1H 9RE.

(1V).



Written towards the end of the day after, long after, the first three pages were written, I am clearer about the alternatives facing those who in the aftermath of the loss of the Founder feel the responsibility of seeing that the trusteeship of the legacy is honoured :

there will be those who -

i. Don't think at all of the problem as I have set it out.

ii. Don't realise that there is a problem.

iii. Don't care.

iv. Say outright that there is no mandate.

v. In fact, de facto, rejecting the mandate.

vi. In saying that there is no mandate are in fact rejecting it.

vii. Are ignorant.

viii. In their ignorance, in their arrogance substitute their own rag bag.

Shakuntala, it is not a case of different individuals seeing the mandate in their own individual way : it is a case of it being ignored, rejected, repudiated - you have to consider this as a possibility.

You have to consider the possibility of no one speaking up for the legacy ie for Tambimuttu.

And if any one does - evoking hostility.

This legacy is a gold mine - and not only in a literary sense (realms of gold - as Chapman might have written had he been living now).

You have to be here.

I have spoke here with a sense of the gravity of what is not only a personal but a wider social - ie of concern to Ceylon - responsibility.

There is much else to which I have to give what time I have and am beginning to feel the strain of all this.

The recent death of Prof. Ludowyk (it was he who suggested to Tambi that he mark in some way the sixtieth birthday of T.S. Eliot - and it was marked by the Symposium your father edited together with Marsh). also brings home a similar problem.

Sivasambu

N. Sivasambu

28 Tavistock Place,
WC1H 9RE.

Private correspondence.



Dear Shakuntala,

I find that it is ^{we} who have to decide to take up the issue of Ceylon's Cultural Legacy and Mandate in the work of your father.

To be specific now now that the matter is increasingly crucial :

- i. I am conscious that as you ^{are} still studying and have yet to mark and make your future career, you must concentrate on your studies.
- ii. But matters are moving - continuing to move - in an unhealthy direction where your father's work is concerned : I mean the Indian Arts Council.
- iii. I feel that you have now to intervene : with a minimum of effort and time.
- iv. And this minimum is in fact adequate - for the time being : to at least call a halt to the slide.
- v. I do not myself feel that the IAC had been left in hands which are equal to the task : there is neither the capacity nor the personal character.
- vi. Complete outsiders have moved in : their personal record and character is an unknown quantity.
- vii. Why was the IAC not confined to those who knew your father? Their intelligent interest in and integrity of ~~character~~ interest in your father and his work is something you are certain of : the IAC should have been entirely confined to them at least until the next generation came along.
- viii. The names of your father's colleagues in Delhi are now missing from the IAC Letterhead : this is a serious matter.
One of them it was, as you told me, who took your father to meet Mrs. Gandhi : why is his name no longer on the Letterhead?
- ix. Please pay attention to all these matters. If you fail to act now it could be a matter of regret for you later when perhaps this might have got completely out of hand.
- x. The issue is both the integrity ~~of~~ your father's legacy and his good name.
- xi. I am addressing in this letter which is a clarification of issues the legal heir of the founder of the IAC ~~and~~ who is also morally the guardian of whatever is done in his name.

Yours sincerely,

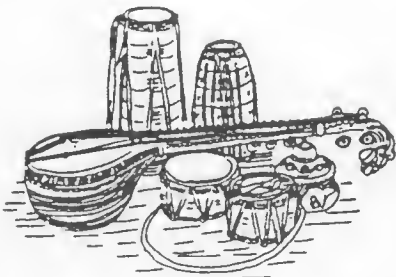
Pratibha

22.11.86

N. Sivasambu

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Tel. 01-278-5232

Apologies for the innumerable clerical errors in the enclosed Concert Programme and Note covering the Display.



A Ceylon Cultural Legacy and Mandate

Tambimuttu 1938-83

The Legacy and Mandate of Tambimuttu, 1938-83, and the founding of the Indian Arts Council In The UK and The Sri Lankan Arts Council in The U.K : a documented historical account and an analysis of its programmatic aims and trends.

By N. Sivasambu. To be published by Tri Lingual Publishers. And will be available from Ceylon Books.

The analysis of our countrymen's legacy and mandate, the integrity of which is the integrity of our cultural legacy and mandate, will elaborate further the programmatic aims of Ars Zeylanica.

Unsetting Star of the Evening.



The photograph at the base of the pediment is a pant bred by Nicholas Moore and named 'Sempervivum M. J. Tambimuttu'. We thank Peter J. Mitchell of the Sempervivum Society, Sussex for sending us this photograph.



We thank Tissa Ranasinghe for
completing this on time.

Palma Bibliotheca Zeylanica

CEYLON BOOKS offers as the palm of adjudicated quality the five volume Frank Cass reprint of Tambimuttu's Poetry London, 1938-51, currently valued at £150, for each essay-monograph on each of the following subjects:

- The contribution of Edith Ludowyk: Ceylon, 1938-56.
- The work of The 43 Group, Colombo.
- Tambimuttu's Poetry London, 1938-51, and The Age of T. S. Eliot : a critical and historical study.



*We thank Frank Cass
Publishers for permission to
reproduce this drawing
taken from Vol I of Poetry
London 1939-51*

Further subjects along the lines of the following will be announced :

The Anthropology of Culture. Poetry London, 1938-49. The History of Ceylon History. The work of Ananda Coomaraswamy, Leonard Woolf, Paranavitane and Sarathchandra. The origins and history of our working class movement and the problems of Ceylonese Marxism. The psychology of our peasantry. Early Buddhism and modern causality. The origins of our State and the Sangha. Religious beliefs as seen in our daily life. The 43rd. Group as mediating our consciousness and experience and the technique and aesthetic awareness of the West. The sensibility of Lionel Wendt as photographer, voice for Basil Wright's *Song of Ceylon* and inspirer of the 43rd. Group. Religious practices which combine both Buddhist and Hindu eg. Kataragama. The Kandyan Drum. Knox's *An Historical Relation of Ceylon*. Lester James Peiris as film pioneer. The psychological gift and interest of the European in our languages and culture eg Geiger. The inter-influences of Singhalese and Tamil as languages. Our very special concern with Epigraphy, with words. The linguistic study of Singhalese and Tamil after Chomsky. Critical examination of the Glossaries compiled to enable teaching in Singhalese and Tamil : the adequacy eg of the philosophical glossary to convey the modern Analytical school stemming from Frege, Peirce and the Vienna Circle. Possible magical elements in our indigenous Pharmacology. The appeal and function of coriander, chillies and spices in our diet. Dress as an expression of our physical personality. Differences in attitude towards the influences from India and towards those from the West. The Ola leaf MSS. History of the Harp and Jaffna. Our Music and Musical instruments. Folk songs and dances.

All our dreams and imaginative projections and rational predictions of the future.

We have on page four of *Ars Zeylanica* 1986 written of our Cultur! Legacy and Mandate.

As Tissa Ranasinghe casts in bronze his creation based on the glimpse of one meeting at the Harrington in Kensington shortly before our countryman in silence left leaving incomplete the consolidation of his legacy by writing the manifesto of his mandate the thought goes through our head :

A Golden Mandate In Bronze



*The wreath of a
realm of gold*

Placed at 7.15 p.m. on Oct. 25th. in the Queen Elizabeth Hall Foyer, South Bank, on the occasion of *Ars Zeylanica* 1986 by our countryman's Colleagues and Friends would ideally have been composed of the palmyra and talipat palm leaves which one had borne our learning and could be read as composing the whole of that unsceptred Isle.



PALMA BIBLIOTHECA ZEYLANICA

CEYLON BOOKS offer the Frank Cass five volume reprint of Tambimuttu's *Poetry London*, 1938-51, currently valued at £150, as recognition for an essay-monograph on

*The achievement of Leonard Woolf in the **Village in the Jungle**: an exploration of the Bloomsbury sensibility.

*The history of the Harp and Jaffna, the anglicised version of the capital city of the north whose Tamil name, Yalhpahnam, can be read as 'City of the Harp'.

*The achievement of Sarathchandra in **Maname**: the relation of this classic to our cultural renaissance beliefs since independence 1948.

CEYLON BOOKS offers as recognition this same five volume set for an essay-monograph on :

The Anthropology of Culture.

Editor of **Poetry London** as Bard of 'Fitzrovia'.

Very few know that the name 'Fitzrovia' in its current connotation of indicating a clearly demarcated sector of Bloomsbury's western part which had been the inspiration of these intellectuals of the 30s. and 40s. was minted by our own countryman, 'Tambi' as he was known particularly to the Fitzrovians of that classical era as they would like to regard their time.

The Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary Edited by R. W. Burchfield records and acknowledges this.



We thank Frank Cass Publishers for their permission to re-produce the drawing from vol. 1 of **Poetry London**.

A SUPPLEMENT TO THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY

EDITED BY

R. W. BURCHFIELD

VOLUME 1 : A-G

FITZROVIA

Fitzrovia (fɪtsrəʊviə) [f. *Fitzrovius*, Latinized form of the name *Fitzroy* + -IA] A Bohemian area of London around Fitzroy Square, west of Tottenham Court Road (see quote)

1958 (see *DOWN AND OUT adj. phr.). 1971 J. MANRON *Sister Dora* xix. 328 The Medical and Surgical Home, 15 Fitzroy Square... Here among the Italians and artists of Fitzrovia the two friends had opened one of London's first private nursing homes. 1971 *Guardian* 3 Feb. 8/1 That pub-crawling area of London that Tambi called Fitzrovia, from Fitzroy Square and, more important, the Fitzroy Tavern.

We thank the Oxford University Press for their permission to re-produce the above entry under 'Fitzrovia'.

sakuntala tambimuttu

child of our host
in the image of her father

herald hermes

immaculate mnemosyne
mirror

zeylannica's future

palm
evergreen olive

furl

strung
salt sea sail
wan
from lands waste

ungirdle

uncruel
but uncertain
april's artemis

that
wanderings end

when
all come home

reigning
phoebus red

redeemed
guerdon

purple pallas's
golden mantle

to the cradle
unrocked.

to have been inscribed on the copy of Leonard Woolf's
autobiography of the years there, 'Growing', which had
been loaned by Hogarth for an exhibition at Barnsbury
in the cockney hearthland of Islington this summer when

a portrayal of Ceylon was attempted, and presented today but prevented from doing so by the awareness that it was a case of taking coal to new castle' and such inferior coal as this which needs to lie buried awhile longer.

n sivasambu
bloomsbury
christmas
eight one.

Shakuntala Hambimuttu

Child

of our host
an image
of her father

herald hermes

immaculate mnemosyne
mirror

zeylanica's future

palm
of promise
evergreen olive

lost
flora
regained

demeter's diadem
pearldom's heir

rurl

strung
salt sea sail
wan
white
from lands waste
setting

unbridle

tired twilight
night
green vales
and valleys
piping pleasant

crowned bard
sung
sweet years
dyad

ungirdle

uncertain

uncertain
cruel
april's artemis

that
the wanderer

youth's
kin
ship

past
lethe's springs
streaming
rivers rich
roots
nourishing

borne
glad earth's
unweeping waters

wordless
babble

vaulting
pegasus
bearing

grain of poesie
windless
west wing

casket
treasure
wanderings end

when home
come
all

reigning
phoebus
purling
pisces
ocean bed
risen
blue
then red

Light

on a cloud
blowing
violet

violet

rush
plucked
reed

present
in time
and tune

measure
an air

of
proud
sceptred feet

unarming
limbs
fresh
pastures bead

mettle
bright

in rhyme
ungilded

yet once more

thus
peerless speak

abiding
free

silver ~~tongues~~ mould
of England's tongue

take
unblotted line of leonine lineage

hold

moving

this realm's
melting
golden ear

redeemed

crystal hours
long task

guerdon

guerdon
purple pallas'
mead
of mantle
silent bow
breathless
unchiming
bell
temperate
deer
deciduous fallow
doe
heart of attica
hearthless
hestia
unweaving
unembroidered
maple leaf
unleaving
tread
gaitless
to the cradle
still
unrocked.

n sivasambu
bloomsbury
christmas-winter
eighty one.

No 260/404
Galle Road
Colombo 4
CEYLON
6-1-84

My dear Sakuntala,

I was overjoyed to receive your letter and wishes for '84.

I have conveyed your message to my friend whose name is ~~Lakshman~~ Lakshman Corea. After your daddy's death

I really went berserk (he was my hero)

It was difficult to believe that he slipped from the stairs climbing to his flat - which stairs he knew for over three decades - every inch of the way and died. My daughters were upset - one asked me "do you want to die?" The eldest tried to rush me to a psychiatric clinic which ignoring I managed to avoid. The atmosphere here is hardly conducive or congenial for a man of my temperament. I welcome gladly your invitation but, of course, being your Daddy's brother I will have to muster the money for the passage.

I enclose an article of mine on Ananda Coomaraswamy who is an uncle of ours. Shall write a larger letter ~~of~~ when your

next letter arrives which I am looking forward

to. Please write and tell me all about
yourself and your mother too. It is
indeed a pity that our family is scattered
in various parts of the world otherwise
we could have had some wonderful
family reunions at which we could all come
to know each other.

Please write as promised by you,
my affectionate regards to your mother.

Yours affectionately
Dauli

Uncle Joe.

P.S. Sorry I should have spelt your
name Shakuntala and not Sakuntala
The difference is East and Western spellings
-em

Oh East is East and West is

West
And ne'er the twain shall

Etc Etc meet -

But there is neither East nor

Nor border, na creed nor race

When two strong men from

East and West
Stand face to face

(Kipling)

Love
Uncle Joe

7 July 83

Dear Sharleen Tata,

I was saddened to hear of your father's death in London. He was always (well, perhaps often) so full of life. You must be pleased to have seen him last summer.

My memories of him are very sharp but they come to me from such a distance at once of time, place, and emotional experience that any thoughts of him are complex. Aside from last year's trip, this must be somewhat true for you, too.

Once (1958?) I was asking everyone I knew how many close friends they had. Each answered "5" or "7". Tami said "Oh, Zane (Zan, as he pronounced it), how can I say? Perhaps a hundred?" I think, in some ways, he did.

Farely,
Zane

40 Priory Road
London N8 7EX

18th July, 1989

Dear Shakuntala

Herewith the photo I promised to send you, with apologies for the delay. I am also enclosing one of Tambi that was taken in Paris. I thought I would send you this as it is such a natural one of him and I love it, and thought you would too.

I hope your new job is going well and that life in general is becoming more and more fulfilling for you. I was interested to hear what you said in your last letter about the vision quest and that you have changed the date now to August, and I will be thinking of you then. I feel a little confused though about the Ananda Ashram and what seems to me to be American Indian tradition and how they interrelate with what you are doing! They seem such different cultures to me and I would be interested to know how you are combining this.

The latest news on the book is that it will most probably be out in October, although I still can't get a fixed publication date out of the publishers. I went through a very difficult time over the Introduction with them, or rather the editor there, who point blank refused to communicate with me about it, which made me even more suspicious, particularly when he refused to confirm the amendments I made to my own preface! However, after having been to the Society of Authors here for advice, I was advised after several letters to write to them threatening strong action if I could not see the proofs of my own Preface, the Introduction, Credits etc. That did the trick and I was assured that when they are ready I can see them. So now I feel much happier, but it really was a tense a depressing time, after having worked so hard on the book, and for so long. By the way, it's not an 'Occidental only' book, although I would have liked more Indian contributions. Amongst the Indians that have contributed are Mulk Raj Anand, Professor P Lal, Nissim Ezekiel, Keshav Malk, Jag Mohan, which isn't bad!

I'll let you know how things are going. In the meantime, my fondest thoughts, and keep your focus on your chosen path.

*Love,
Jane.*

P.S.: Apologies for the brevity, but if I ~~tried~~ to write a more newsy, fuller letter, it would only delay getting it off!

Kay

Bennett 20 December
1989

Dr. G. Shadunata -

Kayna stopped in this
morning & called my attention
to this review in the latest
issue of the Spectator (which
both Alex & Nick subscribe to).

Jim reacted at the mention
of Tony Dickins as Tambi's boss:

This is absolutely untrue. Tony
importuned Tambi on more than
one occasion, but Tambi wasn't
interested. He preferred girls,
as we both know. As for
Tambi being married "twice more
to Indians", we know that isn't
accurate. Numerous other state-
ments (and/or judgments) belong

quite deadly in the "soul grapes"
Department. After Ross sawed them.
his seemingly easy success & took
pleasure in putting him down.

I will write to Stephen
Spender & ask him to send a
letter to the editor, putting the
record straight. Something from
him would have far more impact
& authority than anything I
could say.

Hugs & kisses - in great
haste,

Ray.

Peter Owen Ltd

in association with

The Poetry Society

request the pleasure of your company

at the launching of

TAMBIMUTTU: BRIDGE BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

Edited by Jane Williams

Published by Peter Owen

on Tuesday 21st November 1989 at 6.30 pm

at

India House

Aldwych, London, WC2

0420 88316.

Telephone Alton 88316

Robert and Frances Gill,
Tudor Lodge,
Ashdell Road,
Alton,
Hampshire,
GU34 2TD

Dear Bhaktimala

I am writing to you unfortunately
with bad news regarding my sister
Jane Williams.

Jane died on the 24th of March
this year and as you most probably
knew she had been suffering with breast
cancer for some time now.

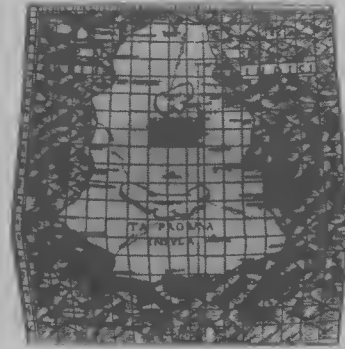
I'm writing to you with regard
to Tamby's Archives which are at the
moment still in Janes Flat. We have
Obviously got to clear out her flat in
the next couple of weeks and therefore
will have to somehow get rid of the
archives. ~~somehow~~.

As far as we are aware, Jane always
regarded them as yours and we are
really at a loss to know what to do
with ~~them~~ them. So therefore please arrange
with perhaps your family over here,
or someone to collect these within
the next couple of weeks.

We have nowhere to store these
and therefore ~~with~~ will have to get
someone to take them away.

I'm sorry to write with such bad
news and also to rush you into sorting
out your fathers books & papers but
please reply to this request as soon
as possible.

yours sincerely
Frances Gill



Our first printed map
by a West European Cartographer

Dear Shakuntala,

Thanks for your letter of May 4. It does give me a sense of relief.

In dealings of this kind I have not always been careful enough or rather I have assumed too much of good intentions on the other side and have come to regret certain decisions and actions.

I am using this letterhead, which I might have used on earlier occasions, today because enclosures are in the name of the Bloomsbury Group.

And also because it may interest you to know that when we were first formed, in the summer of '81, your father was present.

I have taken note of the details re. the publication of the poem from PL and shall follow this up.

I do appreciate your decision to let those who are genuinely interested have permission to publish selections from PL. But one should keep track and monitor such publications. Else it would become a 'free for all' and there is always the possibility that someone somewhere would mis-use the opportunity.

Besides one should convey through a formal attitude that Tambimuttu and his work is a tradition and that this tradition has to be taken seriously and that, whilst those with an intelligent and honest interest are welcome to draw on this heritage and achievement, they should nevertheless observe certain norms.

And I say this especially in the light of my experience of the fate of the Indian Arts Council which had been made use of by motivated sectional interests.

And - already there appears to be an unauthorised encroachment - as you see from encl. photocopy of a page from the South Bank Centre monthly diary, a page from PL has been made use of.

I am now surprised that I did not speak to them about this when I attended the exhibition and also took some photographs!

You will note from the photographs that pride of place has been given to an issue of PL. The book next to it also does have a stand but if I recall correctly it is smaller. The rest were not displayed with stands.

Please do let me know what Kay Bennett says. She may take a more worldly wise view. *Prudent view.*

No, I have not heard from Kathleen Raine. I shall write to her today and ask her for details. If you do not possess a copy of your father's reading, I can ask Kathleen Raine whether she could let you have a copy. Please let me know.

N. Sivasambu

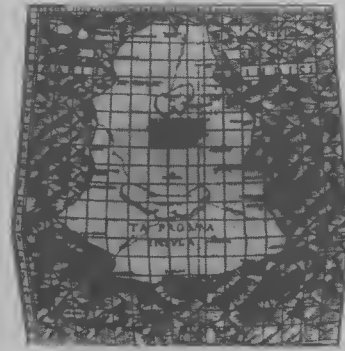
The Ceylon Bloomsbury Group

Palmyrah Beddagama

28 Tavistock Place

WC1H 9RE

Tel: 01-278 5232



Our first printed map
by a West European Cartographer

On June 11 I would be seeing Chili - when the Alumni Assn. of which I am a member meets at the Oct. Gallery for their AGM (Rooms can be hired here for a fee). If she does follow up her question, I shall say that your response has been that no paintings belonging to her are in the Archive.

It is welcome news that you may return to Ceylon. Do visit the land of your father as often as you can. This would also be a way of keeping alive the Tambimuttu Tradition. It is an opportunity which you might take especially as you have an invitation to stay at an Ashram in Kathirgamam. You could have an ongoing programme of research.

Your father had in mind not only a Tambimuttu Foundation but also a Tambimuttu Ashram.

Re. not only the Gallery and all others whom your father had been associated with there centring around his work : given your father's simple accessibility, errors of misplaced confidence can arise.

I do wish I had had the confidence to speak to your father more freely about the thoughts that would go through my head when I was working with him.

There was only one thing about which I had spoken to him about apart from the work he was doing. I had told him or rather earnestly suggested that he leave the room he was using as an office and rest room for another in the Gallery which had the bed on the floor and not in a loft. I repeated this many times. I had also suggested that he not use the outside toilet - as, made of iron, it could be slippery especially in winter.

He said that there was no other room available there. I had then suggested that he have a bed or couch on the floor.

Looking back, this is not the only suggestion that I should have advanced and advanced with a firmness that was almost, psychologically, aggressive.

This year I have more time away from non cultural matters and hope to systematically order the work I had done with your father.

Yours sincerely,

Sivasambu

May 10 '95

N. Sivasambu
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LITERATURE

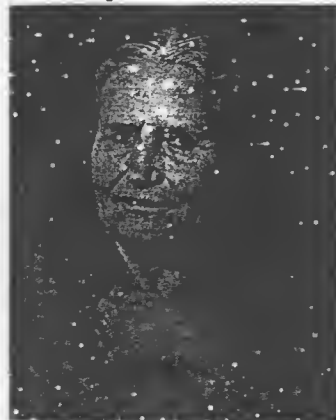
ON THE SOUTH BANK

The Forties: War and Peace continues this month with talks on varied literary responses to the war and its aftermath. A day of events on 4 March, 'Recording the War' looks at the different ways in which the war was presented in Britain. **Mary Cadogan** talks about the *Just William* books and other children's writing in the forties; writer and broadcaster **Paul Vaughan** looks at the vital role of the wireless in the war years; **Jon Stallworthy** examines the poetry of the period and **Dorothy Sheridan** talks about Mass Observation and the memories of ordinary women.

A second day of talks, 'Peace Breaks Out' (11 March), looks at responses to the war and its legacy both at home and in Europe. **Gillian Beer** argues that many women writers of the forties, while apparently withdrawing to the rural retreats of Little England, were actually registering the shock of the war in their work. **David Caute** talks about 1934 and the fear of totalitarianism; **Philip Brady** talks about German self-loathing and *Doctor Faustus* and **Annette Lavers** looks at the ways in which the French existentialists responded to the aftermath of the war.

On 9 March **David Grossman** reads from his novel *Sea Under: Love* and talks about his experience of writing about the Holocaust. Southern Africa is the theme on 16 March when **Doris Lessing** talks about her novel *The Grass is Singing* and Alan Paton's seminal novel about apartheid, *Cry the Beloved Country*. Writer and broadcaster **Edward Blishen** and poet **Vernon Scannell** share their memories of literary and political life of the forties (22 March) and **Angus Calder** (29 March) talks about the return to realism, as revealed in writers such as Humphrey Jennings, Elizabeth Bowen and Keith Douglas. The series continues in April.

Doris Lessing



Caroline Forbes

POETRY LIBRARY

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, LEVEL 5

Poetry of the Forties

And so, Goodbye, grim 'Thirties... Having left all false hopes behind, may we move on...

David Gascoyne, *Farewell Chorus*, New Year, 1940

Throughout March the Poetry Library focuses on the poetry that came out of the Second World War: poetry by fighter pilots, by ARP wardens, by the Desert Rats, and by the front line soldier, together with work from the foremost writers of the time.

Discover the evocative and moving wartime poetry of W.H. Auden, Stephen Spender, Louis MacNeice, Dylan Thomas, Gavin Ewart, Michael Hamburger, Charles Causley and George Barker, as well as work by soldier poets Keith Douglas, Sidney Keyes and Alun Lewis who were to die in action. Then find out what was happening on the home front with the New Apocalypse and New Romantic movements, and in influential magazines like *Poetry London*.

The Poetry Library is open seven days a week from 11am - 8pm. Membership is free. Ring 0171-921 0943/0664.



Cover illustration by Lucian Freud for November 1940 issue of *Poetry London*

Ed. Caute with...

